SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

PART III

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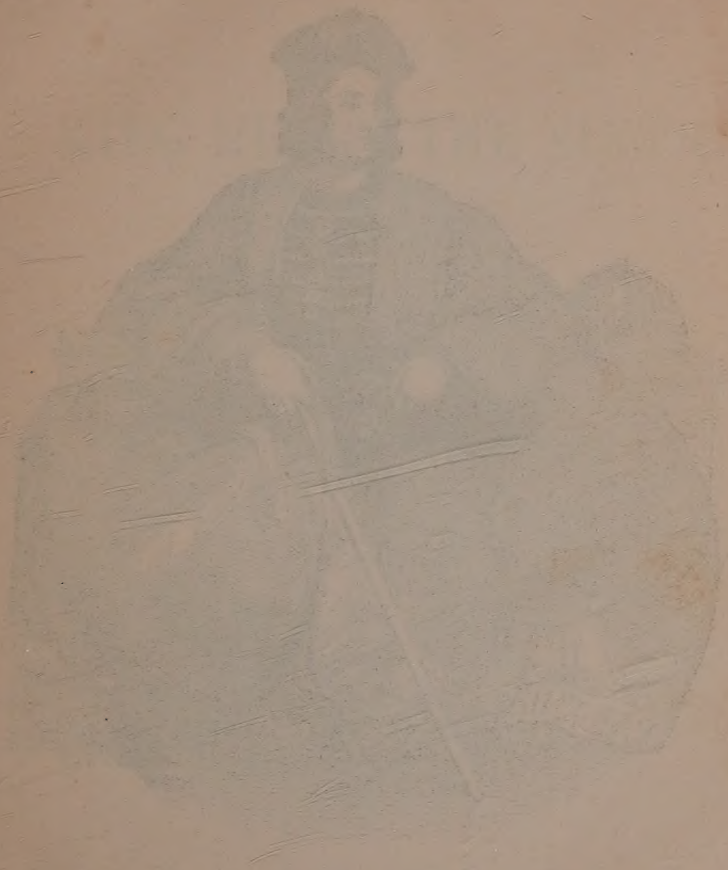

PART III.
H. VANHEVET

SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART III.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
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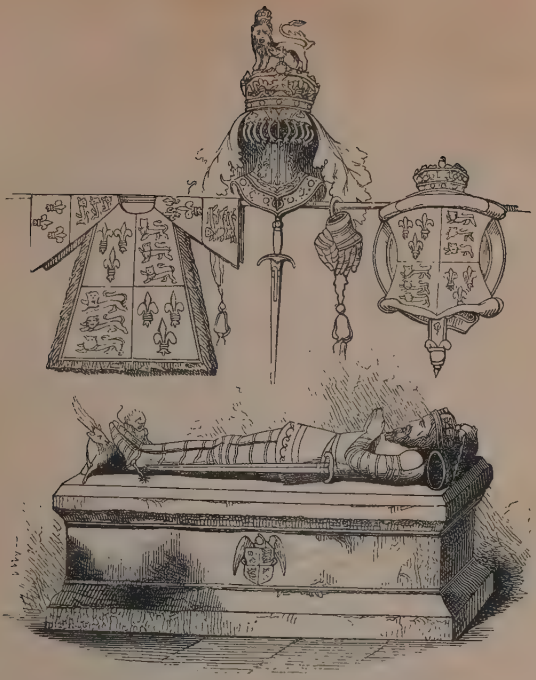


TOMB OF HENRY VI. FORMERLY AT WINDSOR.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE history of the play, and its relation to *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, have been already considered in the introduction to our edition of 2 *Henry VI.* (see p. 9 fol.).

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

As in 1 *Henry VI.* and 2 *Henry VI.*, the historical materials of the present play were mainly derived from Hall and Holinshed. This will be evident from the illustrative extracts given in the Notes.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.*

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."* †]

Shakespear was scarcely more remarkable for the force and marked contrasts of his characters than for the truth and subtlety with which he has distinguished those which approached the nearest to each other. For instance, the soul of Othello is hardly more distinct from that of Iago than that of Desdemona is shown to be from Emilia's; the ambition of Macbeth is as distinct from the ambition of Richard III. as it is from the meekness of Duncan; the real madness of Lear is as different from the feigned madness of Edgar as from the babbling of the fool; the contrast between wit and folly in Falstaff and Shallow is not more characteristic though more obvious than the gradations of folly, loquacious or reserved, in Shallow and Silence; and again, the gallantry of Prince Henry is as little confounded with that of Hotspur as with the cowardice of Falstaff, or as the sensual and philosophic cowardice of the Knight is from the pitiful and cringing cowardice of Parolles. All these several personages were as different in Shakespear as they would have been in themselves: his imagination borrowed from the life, and every circumstance, object, motive, passion, operated there as it would in reality, and produced a world of men and women as distinct, as true, and as various as those that exist in nature. The peculiar property of Shakespear's

* See also our ed. of 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 16 fol., and 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 15 fol.

† *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 154 fol.

imagination was this truth, accompanied with the unconsciousness of nature: indeed, imagination to be perfect must be unconscious, at least in production; for nature is so. We shall attempt one example more in the characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been king, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:

> "Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
> And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right."

Richard II. in the first speeches of the play betrays his real character. In the first alarm of his pride, on hearing of Bolingbroke's rebellion, before his presumption has met with any check, he exclaims:

"Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under proud rebellion's arms.
* * * * * * *
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right."

Yet, notwithstanding this royal confession of faith, on the very first news of actual disaster all his conceit of himself as the peculiar favourite of Providence vanishes into air:

"But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. . .
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride."

Immediately after, however, recollecting that "cheap defence" of the divinity of kings which is to be found in opinion, he is for arming his name against his enemies:

"Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory."

King Henry does not make any such vapouring resistance to the loss of his crown, but lets it slip from off his head as a weight which he is neither able nor willing to bear; stands quietly by to see the issue of the contest for his kingdom, as if it were a game at push-pin, and is pleased when the odds prove against him.

When Richard first hears of the death of his favourites, Busby, Bagot, and the rest, he indignantly rejects all idea of any further efforts, and only indulges in the extravagant im-

patience of his grief and his despair, in that fine speech which has been so often quoted:

> "*Aumerle.* Where is the duke my father with his power?
> *King Richard.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
> Let 's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
> Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
> Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
> Let 's choose executors and talk of wills;
> And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
> Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
> Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
> And nothing can we call our own but death
> And that small model of the barren earth
> Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
> For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
> How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
> Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
> Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
> All murther'd: for within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king
> Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
> Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
> To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
> Infusing him with self and vain conceit
> As if this flesh which walls about our life
> Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
> Comes at the last and with a little pin
> Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
> Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
> With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
> Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
> For you have but mistook me all this while:
> I live with bread like you, feel want,
> Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
> How can you say to me, I am a king?"

There is as little sincerity afterwards in his affected resignation to his fate as there is fortitude in this exaggerated picture of his misfortunes before they have happened.

When Northumberland comes back with the message from Bolingbroke, he exclaims, anticipating the result:

> "What must the king do now? must he submit?
> The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
> The king shall be contented: must he lose
> The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
> I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
> My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
> My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
> My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
> My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
> My subjects for a pair of carved saints
> And my large kingdom for a little grave,
> A little, little grave, an obscure grave."

How differently is all this expressed in King Henry's soliloquy during the battle with Edward's party! [See ii. 5. 1–54 below.]

This is a true and beautiful description of a naturally quiet and contented disposition, and not, like the former, the splenetic effusion of disappointed ambition.

In the last scene of *Richard II.* his despair lends him courage: he beats the keeper, slays two of his assassins, and dies with imprecations in his mouth against Sir Pierce Exton, who had "staggered his royal person." Henry, when he is seized by the deer-stealers, only reads them a moral lecture on the duty of allegiance and the sanctity of an oath; and when stabbed by Gloster in the Tower, reproaches him with his crimes, but pardons him his own death.

[*From Knight's "Essay on Henry VI. and Richard III."* *]

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the "Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspere. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the *Contention be-*

* "*The Pictorial Shakspere*," vol. ii. of *Histories*, p. 475 fol.

tween the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspere; and its manifestation in the dramas before us furnishes one of the many proofs, and to us not the least convincing, that they could alone have emanated from that mind. For, let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "lime-twigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The "Look, look, comb down his hair!" of Beaufort, speaks of sufferings far higher than those of the proud Suffolk, when the pirate had denounced him as "Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!" and he saw the prophecy of the "cunning wizard" about to be accomplished. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the First Part of the *Contention* may appear to a superficial observation to be very

slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the Protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the *Contention*, with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspere invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade, not as a revolt for specific objects, such as the removal of public oppressors or the redress of popular wrongs, but as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realized in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. "You shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer," is the proper prologue to "Henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." The same political sagacity has given us the inconstancy, as well as the violence, of the multitude. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in

a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruitless passion. That ambition first contents itself "to be restored to my blood." And when Henry grants this wish the submission of the half-rebel is almost grovelling:

> "Thy humble servant vows obedience,
> And humble service, till the point of death."

The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced:

> "From Ireland then comes York again
> To reap the harvest which that coystrill sow'd."

The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles. When Buckingham demands "the reason of these arms," and addresses him as a "subject, as I am," his wounded pride has vent in the original play in a few words. But Shakspere, in his additions to the sketch, has marked the inflated weakness of York's character by putting in his mouth words of "sound and fury" which he is afraid to speak aloud:

> "O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with them,
> I am so angry at these abject terms;
> And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
> On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
> I am far better born than is the king;
> More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
> But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
> Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong."

Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which

prudence would have avoided; and the battle of St. Alban's is the result.

The poet has now fairly opened

"The purple testament of bleeding war."

Smothered dislikes are now to become scorching hatreds; and the domestic affections, bruised and wounded, are to be the stimulants of the most savage revenge. Shakspere has, with wonderful knowledge of human nature, made the atrocities of Clifford spring from the very depths of his filial love. The original conception is found in the *Contention;* but its elaboration in the *Second Part of Henry VI.* is perhaps unsurpassed in beauty of expression by any passage of our matchless poet:

"Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 't is mine
It shall be stony."

With this preparation the savage ferocity of Clifford, in the murder of Rutland, is rendered less revolting:

"Thy father slew my father, therefore die."

This is the key to his cold-blooded participation in the butchery of York:

There 's for my oath, there 's for my father's death."

And what a real exhibition is this of the foulest crimes perpetrated under gentle impulses, where ill-regulated love and hate keep together as twin-sisters! But this is chivalry. Here, even the kindly affections have an aspect of intense selfishness; and "fierce wars and faithful loves" spring from the same want of the principle of self-control, and the same ignorance of the duties of a large and comprehensive charity. The partisanship of chivalry, displaying itself in bold adventure and desperate courage, looks to be some-

thing high and glorious. But it is the same blind emanation of self-love as the factious partisanship of modern politics, in which the leader and the serf are equally indifferent to the justice of the quarrel, and equally regardless of the ends by which victory is to be achieved. Shakspere has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas. Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the *Third Part of Henry VI.* This scene is copied from the *Contention*, with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. We re-

quest our readers to peruse this scene in the *Second Part of the Contention*, and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspere ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with

"Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the "she-wolf of France"—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, "I am myself alone."

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an "oath is of no moment." Now are let loose all the "dogs of war." The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as "harmful pity," falls in the field of Towton, where the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more "woe-begone" than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralizes upon the "happy life" of the "homely swain." The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the York-

ists, with Warwick, "the king-maker," to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second revolution is accomplished. The "king-maker" yields his "body to the earth" in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewkesbury. Then comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the "bloody napkin" to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in "You have no children." But Richard is fled

"To make a bloody supper in the Tower."

The three that stab the defenceless Edward equally desire another murder; but *one* is to do the work. It is accomplished.

LEWIS XI. OF FRANCE.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Lewis XI., King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Clifford.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., } his sons.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, } his sons.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence, } his sons.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloster, } his sons.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.
Sir John Mortimer, } uncles to the Duke of York.
Sir Hugh Mortimer, } uncles to the Duke of York.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

Scene: *England and France.*

SANDAL CASTLE (SCENE III.).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Alarum. Enter the DUKE *of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Warwick. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edward. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*
Montague. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To York, showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Richard. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Richard. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
Warwick. And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norfolk. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
Warwick. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [*They retire.*
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Richard. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.

Warwick. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
Warwick. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and the rest.*

King Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
Northumberland. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
Westmoreland. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
King Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clifford. Patience is for poltroons, such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
Northumberland. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
King Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exeter. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.
King Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the duke.*
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exeter. For shame, come down; he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exeter. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
Warwick. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
Warwick. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard, Duke of York.
King Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
Warwick. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
Westmoreland. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
Warwick. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
Northumberland. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
Westmoreland. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clifford. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
Warwick. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
King Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
Warwick. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
King Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Richard. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edward. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Montague. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Richard. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
King Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.
Warwick. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
King Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
Warwick. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
King Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.
King Henry. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
King Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
Warwick. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?
Exeter. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
King Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exeter. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exeter. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
King Henry. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
Northumberland. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
Warwick. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
Northumberland. Thou art deceiv'd; 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clifford. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
King Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
Warwick. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*
King Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
King Henry. I am content; Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clifford. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
Warwick. What good is this to England and himself?
Westmoreland. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clifford. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
Westmoreland. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
Northumberland. Nor I.
Clifford. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
Westmoreland. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
Northumberland. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clifford. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!
[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*
Warwick. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exeter. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
King Henry. Ah, Exeter!

Warwick. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King Henry. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.
[*Coming from the throne.*

Warwick. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

King Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exeter. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.

Warwick. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Montague. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

King Henry. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Exeter. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger.
I 'll steal away.

King Henry. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

Queen Margaret. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

King Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen Margaret. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

King Henry. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Queen Margaret. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thy honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd

Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let 's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

King Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

King Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen Margaret. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace; till then I 'll follow her.

Queen Margaret. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus. [*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

King Henry. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.
The loss of those three lords torments my heart;
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exeter. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Sandal Castle.*

Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edward. No; I can better play the orator.

Montague. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edward. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Richard. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edward. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now;
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edward. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken;
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Richard. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Richard. I 'll prove the contrary if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Richard. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Messenger. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Montague. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and* Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?
Richard. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman-general! what should we fear? [*A march afar off.*
Edward. I hear their drums; let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND *and his* Tutor.

Rutland. Ah! whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and* Soldiers.

Clifford. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clifford. Soldiers, away with him!
Tutor. Ah, Clifford, murther not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*
Clifford. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I 'll open them.
Rutland. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clifford. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rutland. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clifford. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—
Rutland. O, let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clifford. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rutland. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?
Clifford. Thy father hath.
Rutland. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clifford. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Clifford stabs him.*
Rutland. Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae! [*Dies.*
Clifford. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The Same.*

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field.
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him;
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with overmatching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

Northumberland. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clifford. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Queen Margaret. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

Northumberland. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clifford. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

Northumberland. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

Northumberland. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen Margaret. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clifford. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen Margaret. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

Northumberland. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears;
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
And say 'Alas! it was a piteous deed.'—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

Northumberland. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen Margaret. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clifford. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Queen Margaret. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Queen Margaret. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

BEFORE YORK (SCENE II.).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire. A March. Enter* EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Power.*

Edward. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Richard. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who, having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark át him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks 't is pride enough to be his son.—
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!
Edward. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Richard. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable;
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
Edward. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Richard. Nay, bear three daughters; by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.—

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Messenger. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord.
Edward. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Richard. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Messenger. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face, and when with grief he wept
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edward. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy!

Richard. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen,
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edward. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Richard. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

Warwick. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Richard. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edward. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

Warwick. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edward. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

Warwick. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Richard. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

Warwick. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Richard. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

Warwick. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong;
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Richard. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edward. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

Warwick. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York.
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Richard. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edward. Then strike up, drums!—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

Warwick. How now! what news?

Messenger. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

Warwick. Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *the* Prince of Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Queen Margaret. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown;
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

King Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack;
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clifford. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen Margaret. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

King Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clifford. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York,
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clifford. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen Margaret. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King Henry. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

Northumberland. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, 'Saint George!'

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edward. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen Margaret. Go, rate thy minions, proud, insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edward. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clifford. And reason, too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Richard. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clifford. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Richard. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clifford. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Richard. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
Warwick. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen Margaret. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
Warwick. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clifford. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
Warwick. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
Northumberland. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Richard. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clifford. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child?
Richard. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

King Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen Margaret. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King Henry. I prithee give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clifford. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Richard. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edward. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

Warwick. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Richard. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen Margaret. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Richard. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edward. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

George. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edward. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory or else a grave.

Queen Margaret. Stay, Edward.

Edward. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

Warwick. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running*.

Edward. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

Warwick. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

George. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edward. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Richard. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

Warwick. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edward. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven my ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Richard. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

Warwick. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

George. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. *Enter* Richard *and* Clifford.

Richard. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,

And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clifford. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.
[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*
Richard. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

King Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that hath killed his father, bringing in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

King Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *who has killed his son, with the body in his arms.*

Father. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—

But let me see;—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
King Henry. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses;
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
Father. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!
King Henry. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?
Father. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
King Henry. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Father. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

King Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen Margaret. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exeter. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

King Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clifford. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
[They never then had sprung like summer flies;]
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
The foe is merciless and will not pity,
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers.

Edward. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

Warwick. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans and dies.*

Edward. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Richard. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edward. See who it is; and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Richard. Revoke that doom of mercy; for 't is Clifford,
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murthering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

Warwick. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edward. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*

Warwick. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Richard. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
George. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Richard. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edward. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
Warwick. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
George. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Richard. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edward. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
George. Where 's Captain Margaret to fence you now?
Warwick. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.
Richard. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
Warwick. Ay, but he 's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king;
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edward. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence.—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Richard. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

Warwick. Tut! that 's a foolish observation;
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

AN ARGOSY (ii. 6. 36).

Welcome, brave Warwick (iii. 3. 46).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Forest in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 *Keeper.* Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come,

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
2 *Keeper.* I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
1 *Keeper.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self place where now we mean to stand.
2 *Keeper.* Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

King Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed.
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right;
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1 *Keeper.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.
King Henry. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
2 *Keeper.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 *Keeper.* Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.
King Henry. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick to give;
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be! and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keeper.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

King Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I could not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keeper.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King Henry. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

2 *Keeper.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keeper.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd,
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

King Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keeper.* No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

King Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2 *Keeper.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

King Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keeper.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

King Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of your common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I 'll obey.

1 *Keeper.* We are true subjects to the king,—King Edward.

King Henry. So would you be again to Henry
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keeper.* We charge you, in God's name and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

King Henry. In God's name lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Palace.*

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and* Lady Grey.

King Edward. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Gloster. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

King Edward. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Silence!

King Edward. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Lady Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay;
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] God forbid that, for he 'll take vantages.

King Edward. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clarence. [*Aside to Gloster*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Nay, whip me then; he 'll rather give her two.

Lady Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] You shall have four if you 'll be rul'd by him.

King Edward. 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.

Lady Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

King Edward. Lords, give us leave; I 'll try this widow's wit.

Gloster. [*Aside to Clarence*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*Gloster and Clarence stand apart.*

King Edward. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

King Edward. And would you not do much to do them good?

Lady Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

King Edward. Then get your husband's lands to do them good.

Lady Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

King Edward. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Lady Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

King Edward. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

Lady Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

King Edward. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
Lady Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
King Edward. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
Lady Grey. Why, then, I will do what your grace commands.
Gloster. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clarence. As red as fire! nay, then, her wax must melt.
Lady Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
King Edward. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.
Lady Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
King Edward. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Lady Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Gloster. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.
King Edward. But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.
Lady Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
King Edward. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
Lady Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
King Edward. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
Lady Grey. Why, then, you mean not as I thought you did.
King Edward. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Lady Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
King Edward. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Lady Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison.
King Edward. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
Lady Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

King Edward. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
Lady Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.
King Edward. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.
Lady Grey. Then no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Gloster. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clarence. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
King Edward. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
Lady Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
King Edward. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is to enjoy thee for my love.
Lady Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
King Edward. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.
Lady Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should call you father.
King Edward. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Gloster. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clarence. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

King Edward. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had. [*Gloster and Clarence come forward.*

Gloster. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

King Edward. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clarence. To whom, my lord?

King Edward. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Gloster. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clarence. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Gloster. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

King Edward. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nobleman. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

King Edward. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower.—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension. —
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Nobleman.*

Gloster. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms ere I can place myself;
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis shap'd trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. The King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS, *the French King, and* LADY BONA, *attended: the King takes his state. Then enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, *and the* EARL OF OXFORD; LEWIS *rising as she enters.*

King Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Queen Margaret. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

King Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen Margaret. From such a course as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

King Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side; yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Queen Margaret. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

King Lewis. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen Margaret. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

King Lewis. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Queen Margaret. O but impatience waiteth on true sorrow!—
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

King Lewis. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen Margaret. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

King Lewis. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France? [*He descends. Queen Margaret rises.*

Queen Margaret. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

Warwick. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen Margaret. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

Warwick. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen Margaret. King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

Warwick. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

Warwick. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxford. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

Warwick. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth hath gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxford. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

Warwick. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxford. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

Warwick. And I the house of York.

King Lewis. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Queen Margaret. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*

King Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
Warwick. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
King Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
Warwick. The more that Henry was unfortunate.
King Lewis. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
Warwick. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit this pain.
King Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—
Yet I confess [*to Warwick*] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
King Lewis. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Queen Margaret. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit.
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
King Lewis. And still is friend to him and Margaret;
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.
Warwick. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.
Queen Margaret. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*
King Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you.
Sent from your brother Marquess Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They all read their letters.*
Oxford. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled;
I hope all 's for the best.
King Lewis. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair queen?
Queen Margaret. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
Warwick. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
King Lewis. What! has your king married the Lady Grey,

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen Margaret. I told your majesty as much before;
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

Warwick. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour;
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen Margaret. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

Warwick. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succor him;
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,—

He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Queen Margaret. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
Warwick. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
King Lewis. And mine with her's, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
Queen Margaret. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
King Lewis. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou see'st what 's past; go fear thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Queen Margaret. Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
Warwick. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit Post.*
King Lewis. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

Warwick. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen Margaret. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

King Lewis. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

Warwick. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe;
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again;
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

This is his tent (iv. 3. 23).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Gloster. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clarence. Alas! you know 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Somerset. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended;* LADY GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Gloster. And his well-chosen bride.

Clarence. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

King Edward. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

King Edward. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Gloster. And shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

King Edward. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Gloster. Not I.
No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

King Edward. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Gloster. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

King Edward. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Montague. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hastings. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Montague. But the safer when 't is back'd with France.
Hastings. 'T is better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clarence. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
King Edward. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Gloster. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clarence. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
King Edward. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clarence. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
King Edward. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Queen Elizabeth. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

King Edward. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Gloster. [*Aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

King Edward. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news
From France?

Messenger. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

King Edward. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Messenger. At my depart these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

King Edward. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Messenger. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'
King Edward. I blame her not, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.
Messenger. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning-weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'
King Edward. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Messenger. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'
King Edward. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd;
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Messenger. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clarence. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*
Gloster. [*Aside*] Not I.
My thoughts aim at a farther matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
King Edward. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.—
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance;
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Montague. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hastings. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

King Edward. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Gloster. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King Edward. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *with French and other Forces.*

Warwick. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!—

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clarence. Fear not that, my lord.

Warwick. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry*, 'Henry!'
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort;
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Edward's Camp near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* KING'S *tent.*

1 *Watchman.* Come on, my masters; each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watchman.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watchman.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watchman.* To-morrow, then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watchman.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watchman.* 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watchman.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watchman.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watchman.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watchman.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watchman.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and forces silently.*

Warwick. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watchman.* Who goes there?

2 *Watchman.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all,* 'Warwick! Warwick!' *and set upon the guard, who fly, crying,* 'Arm! Arm!' *Warwick and the rest following them.*

Drums beating and trumpets sounding; enter WARWICK *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Somerset. What are they that fly there?

Warwick. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.

King Edward. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted,

Thou call'dst me king!

Warwick. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

King Edward. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king;
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

Warwick. Then for his mind be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

King Edward. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*

Oxford. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

Warwick. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do:
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. The Palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth *and* Rivers.

Rivers. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen Elizabeth. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune has befallen King Edward?

Rivers. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick!

Queen Elizabeth. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Rivers. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen Elizabeth. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares,
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Rivers. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen Elizabeth. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Rivers. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen Elizabeth. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest: King Edward's friends must down;
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, *and others.*

Gloster. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Huntsman. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

King Edward. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Gloster. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

King Edward. But whither shall we then?

Hastings. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Gloster. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

King Edward. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Gloster. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

King Edward. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Huntsman. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Gloster. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado.

King Edward. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

King Henry. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieutenant. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.
King Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warwick. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.
Clarence. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.
Warwick. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

King Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.
Warwick. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clarence. That he consents if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
Warwick. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clarence. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
Warwick. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
King Henry. But with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clarence. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
King Henry. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Somerset. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.
King Henry. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

Warwick. What news, my friend?

Messenger. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

Warwick. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Messenger. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.

Warwick. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Lieutenant, and attendants.*

Somerset. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxford. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Somerset. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Before York.*

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and* Forces.

King Edward. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Gloster. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

King Edward. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us;
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hastings. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls, the Mayor of York *and his Brethren.*

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

King Edward. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

King Edward. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Gloster. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hastings. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*Exeunt from above.*

Gloster. A wise, stout captain, and soon persuaded.

Hastings. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not long of him; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

King Edward. So, master mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery *and* Forces.

Gloster. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

King Edward. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Montgomery. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

King Edward. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Montgomery. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*
King Edward. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montgomery. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and begone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Gloster. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
King Edward. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim;
Till then 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hastings. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Gloster. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
King Edward. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montgomery. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hastings. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Soldier. [Reads] '*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,*' etc.
Montgomery. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
King Edward. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all;

If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates,
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *London. The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, *and* Oxford.

Warwick. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

King Henry. Let 's levy men and beat him back again.

Clarence. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

Warwick. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

King Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clarence. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

King Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Montague. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxford. And thus [*kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

King Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

Warwick. Farewell, sweet lords; let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarendon, Oxford, and Montague.*

King Henry. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.—
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exeter. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

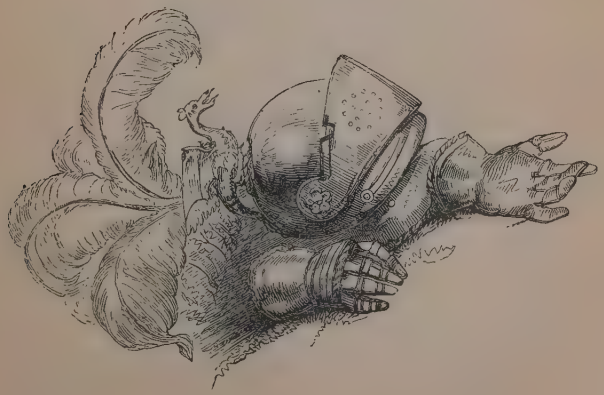
King Henry. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'

Exeter. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

King Edward. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.—
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Gloster. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*



TEWKESBURY (SCENE IV.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor of Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

Warwick. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Messenger.* By this time at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

Warwick. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Messenger.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Warwick. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerville. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

Warwick. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

Somerville. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

Warwick. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerville. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Forces.

King Edward. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Gloster. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

Warwick. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

King Edward. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

Warwick. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Gloster. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

Warwick. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Gloster. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.

Warwick. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
King Edward. Why, then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
Warwick. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
King Edward. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
Gloster. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
King Edward. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Gloster. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
Warwick. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
King Edward. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with Forces.*

Warwick. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.
Oxford. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Gloster. The gates are open; let us enter too.
King Edward. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array, for they no doubt

Will issue out again, and bid us battle;
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

Warwick. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

Montague. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Gloster. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

King Edward. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with Forces.*

Somerset. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Gloster. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with Forces.*

Warwick. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love!—

[*Gloster and Clarence whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick calls.

Clarence. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee;
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath;
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

King Edward. Now, welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Gloster. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

Warwick. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

King Edward. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

Warwick. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

King Edward. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK, *wounded.*

King Edward. So, lie thou there; die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

Warwick. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world;
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Somerset. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

Warwick. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,
Thy tears would wash this cold, congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Somerset. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,—
'O, farewell Warwick!'

Warwick. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxford. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! [*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

King Edward. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed;
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clarence. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came;
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Gloster. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King Edward. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and* Soldiers.

Queen Margaret. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark?
Say you can swim; alas, 't is but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish,—that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxford. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Somerset. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen Margaret. Thanks, gentle Somerset.—Sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxford. I thought no less; it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Somerset. But he 's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Queen Margaret. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxford. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

King Edward. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heaven's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
Queen Margaret. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [*Exeunt both armies.*

Scene V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and forces; with* Queen Margaret, Oxford, *and* Somerset, *as prisoners.*

King Edward. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxford. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Somerset. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Queen Margaret. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
King Edward. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Gloster. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

King Edward. Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen Margaret. Ah, thy father had been so resolv'd!

Gloster. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Gloster. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.

Queen Margaret. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Gloster. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

King Edward. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clarence. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

King Edward. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Gloster. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

Clarence. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Queen Margaret. O, kill me too!

Gloster. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

King Edward. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Gloster. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

King Edward. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Gloster. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter;
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clarence. What? what?

Gloster. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*

Queen Margaret. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it.
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

King Edward. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Queen Margaret. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clarence. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen Margaret. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clarence. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen Margaret. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murther is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

King Edward. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen Margaret. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*She is taken out.*

King Edward. Where 's Richard gone?

Clarence. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

King Edward. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence; discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *London. The Tower.*

King Henry *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloster.

Gloster. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

King Henry. Ay, my good lord;—my lord, I should say rather.
'T is sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:

Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Gloster. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
King Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Gloster. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
King Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Gloster. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
King Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
Gloster. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
King Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murthering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Gloster. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
King Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
An indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Gloster. I 'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

King Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Gloster. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit with the body.*

Scene VII. *London. The Palace.*

King Edward *is discovered sitting on his throne;* Queen Elizabeth *with the infant* Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, *and others, near him.*

King Edward. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Gloster. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way,—and that shall execute.

King Edward. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clarence. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Gloster. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, all hail! whenas he meant all harm.

King Edward. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clarence. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

King Edward. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

FIELD NEAR TOWTON (II. 3).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

PARK NEAR MIDDLEHAM CASTLE (IV. 5).

INTRODUCTION.

For the following outline of the *history* of the play, with illustrative extracts from the chroniclers, we are indebted to Knight:

ACT I.—"The battle of St. Alban's concluded the Second Part of the drama of Henry VI.; in the first scene of this Third Part the conquerors are assembled in the parliament-house, boasting of their exploits, and resolved to carry out their victory to its utmost consequences. Yet five years had elapsed between this first great triumph of the Yorkists and the compromise between the rival houses which we find in the scene before us. That compromise followed the battle of Northampton, in the 38th year of Henry VI.; the battle of St. Alban's was fought in the 33d year of that reign. We transcribe the passages from the Chroniclers upon which Shakspere has constructed his plot. Hall says,—

"'During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect.' . . .

"Hall gives a long oration, which Holinshed copies, with the following remarks: 'Master Edward Hall, in his Chronicle, maketh mention of an oration which the Duke of York uttered, sitting in the regal seat there in the chamber of the peers, either at this his first coming in amongst them, or else at some one time after, the which we have thought good also to set down; though John Whethamsted, the Abbot of St. Alban's, who lived in those days, and by all likelihood was there present at the parliament, maketh no further recital of any words which the duke should utter at that time in that his book of records, where he entreateth of this matter.' Hall thus proceeds: 'When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sewed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace.'

"The compromise upon which the parliament resolved is thus noticed by Hall: 'After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king by the space of xxxviii years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be divoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land. Provided alway, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it.

These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of Saint Paul within the city of London; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard Duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm.'

"The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. The main incidents of the third and fourth scenes are built upon the Chroniclers. Hall writes thus: 'The Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle: but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall: so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. . . . Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, ii son to the above named Duke of York, scarce of the age of xii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin: and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said.'

"This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall: 'In this act the Lord Clifford was accompted a tyrant, and no gentleman.' He then proceeds to describe the death of the Duke of York: 'This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsupper, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom: at which

present was much joy and great rejoicing; but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son: and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the Earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the Duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage.'

"The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says: 'Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule; hail, king without heritage; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen.' The poet has taken the most picturesque parts of the two narratives."

Act II.—"The events which followed the death of the Duke of York are thus described by Hall: 'The Earl of March, so commonly called, but after the death of his father in deed and in right very Duke of York, lying at Gloucester, hearing of the death of his noble father, and loving brother, and trusty friends, was wonderfully amazed; but after comfort given to him by his faithful lovers and assured allies, he removed to Shrewsbury and other towns upon the river of Severn, declaring to them the murder of his father, the jeopardy of himself, and the unstable state and ruin of the realm. The people on the Marches of Wales, which above measure favoured the lineage of the lord Mortimer, more gladly offered him their aid and assistance than he it either instantly required or heartily desired, so that he had a puissant army, to the number of twenty-three thousand, ready to go against the queen and the murderers of his father. But when he was setting forward news were brought to him that Jasper Earl of Pembroke, half-brother to King Henry, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire, had assembled together a great number, both of Welsh and Irish people, suddenly to surprise and take him and his friends, and as a captive to convey him to the queen. The Duke of York, called Earl of March, somewhat spurred and quickened with these novelties, retired back, and met with his enemies in a fair plain near to Mortimer's Cross, not far from Hereford east, on Candlemas-day in the morning, at which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the sight thereof he took such courage that he fiercely set on his enemies, and them shortly discomfited: for which cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge.'

"The poet passes over the battle of Mortimer's Cross, but gives us the incident of the three suns. He also, not crowding the scene with an undramatic succession of events nearly similar, omits all mention of the second battle of St. Alban's, in which the queen was victorious. This battle was fruitless to the cause of Lancaster, for Edward was almost immediately after recognized as king by the parliament assembled in London. The poet postpones this event, and, after the imaginary interview of the second scene, brings us to the great battle of Towton, which is thus described by Hall: 'This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing; but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously encouraged his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomforted and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves. . . . This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord.'"

ACT III.—"The first scene exhibits the capture of Henry VI. upon his abandonment of his secure asylum in Scotland. Between that period, 1464, and the accession of Edward, three years had elapsed—years of unavailing struggle on the part of the Lancastrians. The capture of Henry is thus described by Hall: 'Whatsoever jeopardy or peril might be construed or deemed to have ensued by the means of King Henry, all such doubts were now shortly resolved and determined, and all fear of his doings were clearly put under and extinct. For he himself, whether he were past all fear, or was not well stablished in his perfect mind, or could not long keep himself secret, in a disguised apparel boldly entered into England. He was no sooner entered but he was known and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought toward the king, whom the Earl of Warwick met on the way, by the king's commandment, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold. Queen Margaret his wife, hearing of the captivity of her husband, mistrusting the chance of her son, all disconsolate and comfortless, departed out of Scotland and sailed into France, where she remained with Duke Reyner her father till she took her unfortunate journey into England again, where she lost both husband and son, and also all her wealth, honour, and worldly felicity.'

"In the second scene the poet, with great dramatic skill, exhibits the course of that wooing which ended in the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Woodville—an event altogether unpropitious and finally destructive to his house. Hall (whom we still follow, for Holinshed is almost his literal copyist) tells the story with great quaintness, and Shakspere clearly follows him: 'But now consider the old proverb to be true that sayeth that marriage is destiny. For during the time that the Earl of Warwick was thus in France concluding a marriage for king Edward,

the king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stoney Stratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchess of Bedford sojourned, then wife to Sir Richard Woodville, Lord Rivers, on whom then was attending a daughter of hers, called Dame Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, knight, slain at the last battle of St. Alban's by the power of King Edward. This widow, having a suit to the king, either to be restored by him to something taken from her, or requiring him of pity to have some augmentation to her living, found such grace in the king's eyes that he not only favoured her suit, but much more phantasied her person; for she was a woman more of formal countenance than of excellent beauty, but yet of such beauty and favour that with her sober demeanour, lovely looking, and feminine smiling (neither too wanton nor too humble), beside her tongue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravish the mind of a mean person, when she allured and made subject to her the heart of so great a king. After that King Edward had well considered all the lineaments of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanour that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt if he might provoke her to be his sovereign lady, promising her many gifts and fair rewards; affirming farther, that, if she would thereunto condescend, she might so fortune of his paramour and concubine to be changed to his wife and lawful bedfellow; which demand she so wisely and with so covert speech answered and repugned, affirming that, as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellow, so for her own poor honesty she was too good to be either his concubine or sovereign lady; that, where he was a little before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was now set all on a hot burning fire, what for the confidence that he had in her perfect constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastity; and without any farther deliberation he determined with himself clearly to marry with her, after that asking counsel of them which he knew neither would nor once durst impugn his concluded purpose. But the Duchess of York, his mother, letted it as much as in her lay, alleging a precontract made by him with the Lady Lucy and divers other lettes; all of which doubts were resolved, and all things made clear, and all cavillations avoided. And so, privily in a morning, he married her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage.'

"The contemporary historians, with one exception, make no mention of the suit of Edward, through Warwick, for the hand of the sister of the crafty Lewis XI. But the poet had ample authority for the third scene of this act, in the relation of Hall, which Holinshed also adopts: 'The French king and his queen were not a little discontent (as I cannot blame them) to have their sister first demanded and then granted, and in conclusion rejected and apparently mocked, without any cause reasonable. But when the Earl of Warwick had perfect knowledge by the letters of his trusty friends that King Edward had gotten him a new wife, and that all that he had done with King Lewis in his ambassage for the conjoining of this new affinity was both frustrate and vain, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chance, and thought it necessary that King Edward should be deposed from his crown and royal dignity, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kingly office. All men for

the most part agree that this marriage was the only cause why the Earl of Warwick bare grudge and made war on King Edward. Other affirm that there were other causes, which, added to this, made the fire to flame which before was but a little smoke.'"

ACT IV.—"The defection of Clarence from the cause of his brother has been worked up by the poet into a sudden resolve;—it was probably the result of much contrivance slowly operating upon a feeble mind, coupled with his own passion for the daughter of Warwick. What is rapid and distinct in the play is slow and obscure in the Chronicles. Warwick and Clarence in the play are quickly transformed into enemies to the brother and the ally; in the Chronicles we have to trace them through long courses of intrigue and deception. When Warwick possessed himself of the person of Edward, it is difficult, from the contemporary historians, to understand his real intentions. Hall, however, who compiles with a picturesque eye, tells the story of his capture and release in a manner which was not unfitted to be expanded into dramatic effect: 'All the king's doings were by espials declared to the Earl of Warwick, which, like a wise and politic captain, intending not to lose so great an advantage to him given, but trusting to bring all his purposes to a final end and determination by only obtaining this enterprise, in the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of war, as secretly as was possible, set on the king's field, killing them that kept the watch, and or the king were ware (for he thought of nothing less than of that chance that happened), at a place called Wolney, four miles from Warwick, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the castle of Warwick. And to the intent that the king's friends might not know where he was, nor what was chanced of him, he caused him by secret journeys in the night to be conveyed to Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of York his brother, and other his trusty friends, which entertained the king like his estate, and served him like a prince. But there was no place so far off but that the taking of the king was shortly known there with the wind, which news made many men to fear and greatly to dread, and many to wonder and lament the chance. King Edward, being thus in captivity, spake ever fair to the archbishop and to the other keepers; but, whether he corrupted them with money or fair promises, he had liberty divers days to go on hunting; and one day on a plain there met with him Sir William Stanley, Sir Thomas of Borogh, and divers other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to return to prison again.'

"In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great Earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequences Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as Duke of York. The scene before the

walls of York is quite borne out by the contemporary historians; and especially in that most curious *Historie of the arrival of Edward IV. in England*, published by the Camden Society. Shakspere evidently went to Hall as his authority: 'King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themselves and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerariously to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him, as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to King Henry nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocution. The citizens, partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if King Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all King Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swear-

ing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or purposed to observe any of them, which afterwards was to all men manifest.'"

ACT V.—"Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall's description:

"'When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot, and bill-men them followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the Earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by reason of which succours King Edward's part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

"'If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigate: but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the victory (knowing perfectly that there was all King Edward's power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardy stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he, being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (aventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility.'

"The most curious accounts, both of the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and indeed of all this rapid counter-revolution, which has scarcely a parallel in our English annals, are to be found in a contemporary narrative published by the Camden Society. Neither that narrative, nor the Ghent MS., which is an abridgment of it, were probably accessible to Shakspere. We must therefore still be content to trace him in Hall and Holinshed. The following graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury is from Hall:

"'After the field ended King Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring Prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an c *l.* during his life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's kingdom and inheritage from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. At which words, King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloster, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in King Edward's days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord mccccl xxi then being Saturday. And on Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Tewkesbury.'

"It is unnecessary for us here to enter upon the disputed question as to whether Richard Duke of Gloster were the actual murderer of Henry VI. The following is Holinshed's account of this event:

"'Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial crown, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster (as the constant fame ran), who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even (the 29th) was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and, on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate.'"

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *I wonder how*, etc. W. remarks: "This reference to the last Scene of the preceding Part is a mere dramatic contrivance to establish an intimate connection between the two. Between the battle of St. Albans, with which the Second Part closes, and the Parliament at which the ineffectual compromise between Henry VI. and the Duke of York was made, five years elapsed:—the date of the latter was 1460. Indeed, the reader of these plays must constantly remember that he is not reading a chronicle, or even a history; and that Shakespeare grouped the events of the reigns which he undertook to illustrate with a single eye to dramatic effect."

8. *Battle's.* Army's; as often. Cf. 15 just below; also ii. 1. 121, ii. 2. 72, etc.

9. *By the swords of common soldiers.* "The elder Clifford was slain by York, and his son lives to revenge his death" (Mason). See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 178, note on 28.

11. *Dangerously.* The folio has "dangerous;" corrected by Theo. from the old play. S. does not elsewhere use *dangerous* as an adverb.

12. *Beaver.* Helmet. Cf. *Ham.* p. 186.

16. *Speak thou for me*, etc. As Malone notes, Richard was only a year old at the time of the first battle of St. Albans, at which he is represented as present (2 *Hen. VI.* v. 3), and only six years old at this time. The anachronism is from the old play.

18. *But is your grace*, etc. Malone reads "What" (from the old play) for *But.*

19. *Hope.* Capell reads "end," and D. and H. "hap" (a conjecture recorded by Rann). The latter may be right.

25. *Fearful.* Full of fear, timorous, cowardly; as in 178 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 175, note on *With fearful bravery.*

34. *Perforce.* Rowe reads "by force," as in 29 above. W. has "perforce" there and "by force" here; apparently the printer's transposition, as it is not mentioned in the notes.

41. *Henry.* A trisyllable; as often in this play and the preceding. See 139 below, and cf. Gr. 477. Hanmer reads "Harry."

47. *Shake his bells.* An allusion to the little bells which were attached to hawks. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 81: "As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells," etc. See also *R. of L.* 511: "With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells." The bells were supposed to frighten the birds that were hawked at.

55. *You both have vow'd.* Pope reads "you vow'd," and the Coll. MS. "you have vow'd."

56. *Favourites.* Capell has "favourers."

62. *Such as he.* The 2d folio has "and such is he;" and Capell reads "and such as he."

69. *But when*, etc. The folios give this to "*Westm.*;" corrected by Theo. (from the old play).

76. *I am thine.* Some read, with the old play, "Thou art deceiv'd: I am thine."

78. *The earldom.* That of March, which he inherited from his mother, and by which he claimed his title to the throne. Theo. reads "the kingdom" (from the old play).

83. *And that's Richard.* The 1st folio omits *and*, which the 2d supplies, and which is also in the old play.

93. *Yes.* Theo. has "No" (from the old play). As Clarke remarks, *you forget*=you do not remember.

105. *They.* The folios have "My;" corrected by Theo. But, as Malone notes, Richard's father was Earl of Cambridge, and never Duke of York, having been beheaded while his elder brother, Edward Duke of York, was still living. The error is taken from the old play.

107. *I am the son of Henry the Fifth.* "The military reputation of Henry V. is the sole support of his son. The name of Henry V. dispersed the followers of Cade" (Johnson).

110. *Sith.* Since. See *Cor.* p. 236 (note on *Sithence*), or Gr. 132. Cf. i. 3. 41 below.

114. *Father, tear the crown.* Hanmer reads "Tear the crown, father."

120. *Peace thou!* etc. H. follows the old play in giving this speech to Northumberland, as Lettsom suggests.

131. *Prove it.* The 2d folio has "But prove it."

139. *Henry.* A trisyllable. Cf. 41 above.

144. *Crown.* Johnson remarks that the meaning of the text must be "detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty;" but he conjectures "son" for *crown*. Dr. Percy reminds him that Richard II. had no son. Capell reads "the crown" (from the old play).

164. *Thy crown.* The crown you wear. Sr. and H. read "the crown," and the Coll. MS. has "my crown."

168. *Over.* The 2d folio has "ore."

170. *Hear me.* The *me*, omitted in the 1st and 2d folios, is restored in the 3d folio from the old play.

190. *They seek revenge*, etc. "They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion" (Johnson).

206. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

My castle. Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, where the next scene is laid. It was demolished by order of the Parliament in 1646, but its ruins are still to be seen in the village of Sandal, about two miles from Wakefield.

211. *Bewray.* Betray, show; as in iii. 3. 97 below. Cf. *Lear*, p. 199.

212. *Exeter, so will I.* Pope reads "So, Exeter, will I."

234. *As.* That. Gr. 109.

239. *Faulconbridge.* Thomas Nevil, natural son of William Nevil, Lord Faulconbridge. He had been appointed vice-admiral by Warwick, and had orders to guard the passage between Dover and Calais, in order that no friends of King Henry might land in England (Ritson).

For *the narrow seas*, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 28:

> "in the narrow seas that part
> The French and English;"

and *Id.* iii. 1. 4: "wracked on the narrow seas."

261. *From the field.* The 1st folio has "to" for *from;* corrected in the 2d. The old play also has *from.*

268. *Coast.* Watch and follow, or hover around, like a bird of prey. The folio has "cost," which some retain (as =cost *me*), but it does not suit the context. Steevens conjectures "cote" (see *Ham.* p. 206); and D. "souse" (see *K. John*, p. 175), which H. adopts. Hanmer has "truss." *Empty*=hungry; as in *V. and A.* 55 (see next note) and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 248.

269. *Tire on.* Seize and feed on ravenously. Cf. *V. and A.* 56:

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone."

See also *Cymb.* iii. 4. 97.

270. *Three lords.* Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland. Cf. 183–188 above.

272. *Cousin.* Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, was cousin-german to the king, his grandfather John having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt by his first wife.

SCENE II.—6. *Contention.* A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

10. *Henry.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 41 above.

22. *An oath is of no moment*, etc. "The obligation of an oath is here avoided by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just" (Johnson).

38. *Shalt to the Duke of Norfolk.* Rowe reads "go to," and Pope inserts "go" after *Norfolk.* Steevens has "unto" for *to*, as in 40 just below.

40. *Lord Cobham.* Hanmer reads "Lord of Cobham."

43. *Witty.* Intelligent, sagacious. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 39: "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." Theo. reads "Wealthy and courteous."

44. *Resteth.* Remains; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 70: "Nought rests for me," etc.

47. *Enter a Messenger.* The folios have "*Enter Gabriel*," which was probably the Christian name of an actor. There was a player named Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe's company in 1598. See on iii. 3. 1 below.

48. *Post.* Haste. See *R. and J.* p. 218, note on *In post.*

49. *The queen, with all the northern earls*, etc. "I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction; but he that reads this has a striking admonition against precipitancy, by which we often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in our

power. Had York stayed but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury" (Johnson).

50. *Intend.* A "confusion of construction;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 129. Cf. Gr. 412. Pope reads "Intends."

56. *And the rest.* W. misprints "and rest."

68. *Woman-general.* Most of the editors read "woman's general," as the folio does. The text is due to W.

74. *Whenas.* Used sometimes for *when*, as *whileas* (2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 225) for *while*, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 46 and v. 7. 34 below.

SCENE III.—1. *His Tutor.* "A prieste called Sir Robbert Aspall" (Hall).

5. *Whose.* Referring to *brat.*

13. *Devouring paws.* Steevens remarks that *paws* is odd here; but cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 128:

> "Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace."

39. *Ere I was born.* Malone remarks: "Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Alban's in 1455." The error is from the old play.

40. *Thou hast one son.* Henry, the hero of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

41. *Sith.* See on i. 1. 110 above.

48. *Dii faciant*, etc. "The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory!" As Steevens remarks, this is from Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.*

SCENE IV.—2. *Uncles.* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. Cf. i. 2. 62 above.

9. *Make a lane.* Cut his way through the enemy.

19. *Budg'd.* Gave way, yielded the ground. Cf. *Cor.* p. 210. The folios have "bodg'd," which some take to be =botched; but that does not suit the context. York does not mean that they fought in a bungling way, but that the struggle was *bootless* on account of the *over-matching* force opposed to them.

33. *Phaethon.* For the allusion, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 178 and *R. and J.* iii. 2. 3. See also ii. 6. 12 below.

34. *Prick.* Mark, dial-point. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4, 119: "the prick of noon;" and *R. of L.* 781: "Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick."

50. *Buckle.* Join in close fight; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 95, iv. 4. 5, and v. 3. 28. The folios have "buckler;" corrected by Theo. H. reads "buckle thee with blows," because he does "not understand the meaning of 'buckle *with thee* blows;'" but *buckle* is no more a transitive verb than *strive* or *struggle*, and requires *with* to complete the sense. Besides, *buckle with thee* is evidently meant to jingle with *bandy with thee.* Of course it is not necessary to consider *blows* the direct object of *buckle.* It is added as an antithesis to *word*, but the construction (about which the writer of course did not trouble himself) is not precisely the same. The expression is sufficiently justified by the analogy of "fight with thee blow

for blow," etc. Cf. ii. 5. 76 below: "I 'll aid thee tear for tear." The grammatical license—if it be so regarded—is by no means so bold as in making *buckle* transitive, with *thee* for its object.

55. *To prick.* As to prick. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 281.

59. *Prize.* Warb. reads "praise;" but *prize* here is the "right" which the "might" of *war* gives. As Johnson says, "all vantages are in war lawful prize." In ii. 1. 20 below some see a similar use of *prize;* but that is not so clear.

60. *Impeach.* For the noun, cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 269: "why, what an intricate impeach is this!"

68. *Raught.* The only form of the past tense of *reach* in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 180. The participle *reached* occurs only in *Oth.* i. 2. 24.

73. *Mess.* Often used to denote a company of *four.* See *L. L. L.* p. 150.

79. *Napkin.* Handkerchief. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

84. *Deadly.* For the adverbial use, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 178, *A. W.* v. 3. 117, etc.

87. *Stamp, rave,* etc. In the folio this line is placed after 91 below; but Malone saw that it belongs here, as in the old play. W. remarks: "The passage is taken bodily from the old version, except that two new lines [90, 91] are added; and these two lines are added to make the transition from the allusion to York's tearless eyes to 'Thou wouldst be fee'd,' etc., less abrupt; which intention the transposition of the line 'Stamp, rave,' etc., and the interposition of it between the added lines and the remainder of the passage, entirely defeats; as, in that case, this line is isolated, whereas in the old octavo, as will be seen in our text, it has a direct relation to the one which immediately precedes it. The transposition was doubtless an accidental consequence of the alteration made in the old text."

100. *And broke.* Hanmer reads "hath broke."

103. *Pale.* Enclose, encompass; as in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74: "Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips." See also *Hen. V.* p. 182.

106. *Too, too.* Some print "too-too." See *M. of V.* p. 143, note on *Too-too light.*

108. *Do him dead.* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 179: "who should do the duke to death?" See also ii. 1. 103 and iii. 3. 103 below; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Done to death.*

114. *Trull.* Harlot, drab. Cf. *A. and C.* p. 196.

115. *Captivates.* Used in its original sense of make captive, bring into bondage. Cf. Armado's use of it in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 126: "immured, restrained, captivated, bound."

116. *Vizard-like.* Like a *vizard,* or visor.

118. *Assay.* Try, attempt. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 153: "'T were better not assay'd," etc. Coll. changes it to "essay," which S. does not use as a verb.

120. *Wert thou not.* H. omits *thou* (the conjecture of Walker), which is awkward and uncalled-for.

121. *Type.* Badge, mark. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 244: "The high imperial type of this earth's glory;" where, as here, the crown is meant.

122. *Sicils.* Sicilies; as in v. 7. 39 below. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 6.

127. *Horse.* Perhaps to be regarded as a plural. See *Macb.* p. 204, or Gr. 471.

129. *God he knows.* Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 60, *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 10, 26, iii. 7. 235, etc. Gr. 243.

132. *Government.* Self-control; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31, iii. 1. 184, *Oth.* iii. 3. 256 (see our ed. p. 187), etc.

136. *Septentrion.* North (Latin *septentrio*); used by S. only here. Cf. Milton, *P. R.* iv. 31: "From cold septentrion blasts;" the only instance in which he uses the word.

137. *O tiger's heart*, etc. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 12.

142. *Obdurate.* Regularly accented on the second syllable by S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 192.

146. *The rain begins.* See *T. and C.* p. 198, note on *Rain, to lay this wind*, etc. See also ii. 5. 85 below.

150. *Passion moves.* The 1st folio has "passions moves," and the 2d "passions move." The text is that of the Camb. ed.

152, 153. The lines are arranged as by Warb. from the old play. In the folios they form three lines, ending with *his*, *touch'd*, and *blood*. The passage is perhaps corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. For *with blood* the 2d folio has "the roses just with blood." Theo. reads "the roses juic'd with blood;" and Hanmer, "the roses just i' th' bud." The Coll. MS. has "the rose's hue with blood."

155. *Tigers of Hyrcania.* Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 101: "the Hyrcan tiger;" and see our ed. p. 219.

169. *To all.* Capell reads "of all," and in the next line "could" for *should* (both from the old play).

171. *Inly.* Inward; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 18: "the inly touch of love."

172. *Weeping-ripe.* Ripe or ready for weeping; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 274. Cf. *sinking-ripe* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 78.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—9. *Resolv'd.* Satisfied; as in ii. 2. 124 below. See *J. C.* p. 158.

10. *Is become.* That is, what has become of him. Cf. iv. 4. 25 below. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 10. 16: "the deare Charissa, where is she become?"

14. *Neat.* Neat or horned cattle. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 125:

> "the steer, the heifer, and the calf
> Are all call'd neat."

20. *Pride.* The folios have "prize;" corrected by Warb. from the old play. Some would make "prize" = privilege, comparing i. 4. 59 above; but this does not seem to us a parallel case. Besides, the line is taken bodily from the old play; and, as W. remarks, "it is impossible to believe that S., in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and

pertinent signification for one for which, in its present connection, no proper meaning can be found."

22. *Takes her farewell*, etc. "Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun when she dismisses him to his diurnal course" (Johnson); or "when she leaves him to take her place" (Clarke).

24. *Trimm'd like a younker*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 92: "Will you make a younker of me?" Most editors read *younker* in *M. of V.* ii. 6. 14 (see our ed. p. 143).

25. *Three suns.* This is from the chroniclers. See p. 134 above.

27. *Racking.* Floating like *rack* (see *Ham.* p. 211), or cloud; the only instance of the verb in S. Malone quotes *Edw. III.*)

> "like inconstant clouds
> That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,
> Increase," etc.

36. *Meeds.* Merits; as in iv. 8. 38 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 272.

46. *Whenas.* See on i. 2. 74 above.

48. *O, speak no more*, etc. "The generous tenderness of Edward and savage fortitude of Richard are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death" (Johnson).

51. *The hope of Troy.* Hector. Cf. iv. 8. 25 below.

82. *Selfsame.* Hanmer reads "th' selfsame."

83. *Fires.* A dissyllable. Gr. 480. Capell reads "fire," and "burn" in the next line. It would be better to change *coals* to "coal," as the Camb. editors suggest, if any change were called for; but cf. Gr. 247.

92. *Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.* It was a very ancient belief that the eagle was the one bird that could gaze undazzled at the sun. Pliny says that it exposes its brood to this test as soon as they are hatched, to prove if they are genuine or not. Chaucer refers to the belief in his *Parlement of Foules;* as Spenser does in the following fine passage from the *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:*

> "Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
> From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
> And, like the native brood of Eagles kynd
> On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
> Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities."

99. *Thy words would add*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 255: "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs;" and *Ham.* iii. 2. 414: "I will speak daggers to her."

103. *Done to death.* See on i. 4. 108 above.

106. *Sith.* See on i. 1. 110 above.

110. *Depart.* For the noun, cf. iv. 1. 92 below.

113. *And very well appointed*, etc. This line is omitted in the folios; restored by Steevens from the old play. As the whole speech is reproduced almost without change, the omission was probably accidental, though we do not feel quite sure about it. For *well appointed* (=well equipped), cf. *Hen. V.* p. 162.

116. *Advertised.* Regularly accented by S. on the second syllable. Cf. iv. 5. 9 and v. 3. 18 below.

124. *Heated spleen.* Ardent impetuosity. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350:

"Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons," etc. Warb. changes *heated* to "hated," spoiling the antithesis with *coldness*.

131. *Idle*. The folios have "lazy;" corrected by Capell (from the old play). W. retains "lazy."

140. *Marches*. Borders, border country; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 140.

141. *Making another head*. Gathering another force. Cf. the play on *head* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "to save our heads by raising of a head," etc.

146. *Your kind aunt*. Isabel, daughter of John I., King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt: she was therefore third cousin to Edward instead of *aunt*. The *George*, referred to in 143, was at this time in his twelfth year, and Richard was in his ninth.

150. *Retire*. Retreat; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 326, v. 5. 4, etc.

169. *Haught*. Haughty. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206.

170. *Moe*. More; used only with a plural or collective noun. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176, or Gr. 17.

182. *Via!* An interjection of encouragement (Italian), literally = away! Cf. *M. W.* p. 147. *Amain* is omitted in the folios; restored by Theo. from the old play.

190. *Fall'st*. Changed by Steevens to "fall'st." The old play has "faints."

191. *Forefend*. Forbid; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 541, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 129 (in quartos; "forbid" in folios), etc.

207. *Puissant*. A dissyllable; as in v. 1. 6 and v. 2. 31 below. Cf. *J. C.* p. 157.

209. *Sorts*. Suits, is well. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 109:

> "this woman's answer sorts,
> For womanish it is to be from thence."

SCENE II.—6. *Irks*. Is irksome to, annoys. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 105: "It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd," etc.

8. *Nor wittingly*. Nor purposely. Reed changes *Nor* to "Not," and H. *wittingly* to "willingly" (the conjecture of Walker).

10. *Harmful*. Hanmer reads "harmless."

19. *Level*. Aim. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 286: "the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife," etc.

30. *Fearful*. Timorous. See on i. 1. 25 above. The folio has "with" for *in* (from the old play).

38. *Fondly*. Foolishly; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 258: "But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer," etc.

44. *Inferring*. Bringing forward, adducing. Cf. iii. 1. 49 below. See also *Rich. III.* p. 212.

46. *Bad success*. A bad issue. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 232, note on *Dangerous success*.

47. *Happy always was it*, etc. "Alluding to a common proverb: 'Happy the child whose father went to the devil'" (Johnson). The folios make the sentence an assertion, but it is a question in the old play, as the context requires it to be.

57. *Soft courage*. The editors have been in doubt how to explain this,

and Coll. reads "soft carriage" (the conjecture of Mason). Cf. *Cor.* p. 247, note on *Courage*. Schmidt, Clarke, and H. made *courage* = heart, disposition; and it certainly may have that sense, though W. says that no instance of it has been found. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 1:

> "Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
> To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent."

Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, speaks of "having a faint hart or courage." W. takes the word to be here = encouragement: "the queen means to say that the king's tame replies to her and to Clifford are poor encouragement to those who are fighting his battles." *Soft courage* may be simply = soft kind of courage, or weak courage. Cf. iv. 1. 12 below: "so weak of courage;" a very similar expression, whether *courage* have its ordinary sense or be = heart.

64. *Apparent.* That is, heir-apparent; as, figuratively, in *W. T.* i. 2. 177:

> "Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
> Apparent to my heart."

66. *Toward.* Forward, bold.

72. *Darraign your battle.* "That is, *range* your host, put your host in order" (Johnson). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 40: "Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne;" *Id.* i. 7. 11: "Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne;" and *Id.* iii. 1. 20:

> "On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
> Fiers battaile against one with cruell might and mayne."

Steevens cites *Guy Earl of Warwick*, 1661: "Darraign our battles, and begin the fight." The old play has "Prepare your battels."

89. *Since when*, etc. The 1st folio gives lines 89–92 to "*Cla.*," and the old play to "*George:*" but in 92 "his brother" is altered to "me," which shows that S. intended the whole to belong to Edward. In the old play the passage reads thus:

> "*George.* Since when he hath broke his oath,
> For as we heare you that are king
> Though he doe weare the Crowne,
> Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
> To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in."

97. *Sort.* Set, crew. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 158.

112. *Clifford.* Capell reads "Clifford there" (from the old play).

116. *Sunset.* The 3d folio has "sun set;" but cf. *K. John*, p. 153.

121. *Wound.* Walker conjectures "wounds."

124. *Resolv'd.* Satisfied, convinced. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

133. *Whoever got thee*, etc. The folios give this to "*War.*," but the reply of the queen shows that the old play is right in assigning it to Richard.

134. *Wot.* Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* iii. 2. 77.

136. *Stigmatic.* One branded by nature with the *stigma* of deformity. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 215, where the term is also applied to Richard. These are the only instances of the word in S., but *stigmatical* is used in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 22.

138. *Venom toads.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 151, note on *Like the toad*, etc. Rowe reads "venomous;" but we have four other instances of *venom* as an adjective in S.

141. *Channel.* Kennel, gutter. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 52: "throw the quean in the channel."

142. *Extraught.* Elsewhere the participle is *extracted;* but cf. *distraught* in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 4 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49. The old play has "deriv'd."

143. *Detect.* Expose, betray.

144. *A wisp of straw.* Malone and others have shown by quotations from writers of the time that scolds and strumpets were sometimes made to wear a wisp of straw on their heads as a mark of disgrace.

145. *Callat.* Drab, harlot. See *W. T.* p. 170, or *Oth.* p. 201.

147. *Menelaus.* That is, a cuckold like him. Steevens compares *T. and C.* v. 1. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

171. *Longer.* Changed by Capell to "further."

172. *Deniest.* The folio has "denied'st;" corrected by Warb. from the old play. The reference is to what Margaret has said in 118 above.

SCENE III.—1. *Forspent.* Exhausted; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 37: "almost forspent with speed," etc. The old play has "Sore spent."

5. *Spite of spite.* Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 5: "In spite of spite," etc.

15. *Thy brother's blood.* A half-brother who does not appear in the play—an illegitimate son of Salisbury.

27. *Look upon.* That is, are mere spectators. Cf. *W. T.* p. 200, note on *Looks on alike.*

37. *Thou setter-up*, etc. Cf. *Dan.* ii. 21: "He removeth kings and setteth up kings." In iii. 3. 157 below, Margaret calls Warwick "Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings," and some have supposed that Warwick is addressed here; but the latter part of the passage ought to make it clear that it is a prayer to the Deity.

43. *In earth.* Pope reads "on earth;" but cf. *V. and A.* 143, *M. for M.* ii. 4. 50, etc. See also *Matt.* vi. 10.

53. *Wear.* The Coll. MS. has "wore;" and Coll. and H. read "ware," an old form not found elsewhere in S.

56. *Forslow.* Delay; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594 "Why, King Sebastian, wilt thou now foreslow?" and Marlowe, *Edw. II.*: "Foreslow no time; sweet Lancaster, let 's march." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 10. 15: "But by no meanes my way I would forslow," etc.

SCENE IV.—12. *Some other chase.* Some other game. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14:

> "Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;
> For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

SCENE V.—1. *This battle fares*, etc. V. remarks: "Henry's soliloquy certainly has more of the Poet's manner about the date of *Much Ado*

About Nothing than of his earlier style. Yet the character of Henry is just as well marked in the old play as in the enlarged one, as well as the incidents of the unhappy son and father:

> 'Hen. O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
> And set some ends to these incessant griefs.
> How like a mastless ship upon the seas
> This woeful battle doth continue still,
> Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
> And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
> Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars!
> Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king.
> Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
> Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
> Would God that I were dead, so all were well:
> Or would my crown suffice, I were content
> To yield it them, and live a private life.'"

3. *Blowing of his nails.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 923:

> "When icicles hang by the wall,
> And Dick the shepherd blows his nail."

Whether the shepherd blows his fingers because they are cold or because he has nothing to do, the commentators are not agreed; but we have no doubt that here and in *L. L. L.* the former is the meaning. In *T. of S.* i. 1. 109, the other sense is clear enough.

24. *Quaintly.* Curiously, fancifully. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141.

26. *Hour.* A dissyllable, as below in several lines. Cf. *fires* in ii. 1. 83 above.

36. *Ean.* Theo. reads "yean," which means the same. Cf. *M of V.* i. 3. 88: "in eaning time."

37. *Years.* Changed by Rowe to "months;" but the reference probably is to the years that must elapse before the lambs just *eaned* can be shorn. For *poor fool* as an expression of pity or tenderness, see *Much Ado*, p. 133.

38. *Months.* Rowe reads "weeks, months."

43. *Silly.* Harmless, innocent. Cf. *V. and A.* 1098: "the silly lamb;" *R. of L.* 167: "the silly lambs," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* p. 145.

51. *Delicates.* Delicacies; the only instance of the noun in S.

Johnson remarks: "This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity."

V. adds: "There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive, moralizing character. The reader may not be displeased to have them here subjoined, that he may compare them with the congenial thoughts the Poet has attributed to him:

> 'Kingdoms are but cares;
> State is devoid of stay;
> Riches are ready snares,
> And hasten to decay.
>
> 'Pleasure is a privy [game,]
> Which vice doth still provoke;
> Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
> Power a smouldering smoke.

'Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.'"

57. *Possessed with.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 9: "possess'd with double pomp;" 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 138:

"'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories," etc.

Possessed of is more common in S.

62. *Unwares.* An old form of *unawares*, but not found elsewhere in S. Hanmer prints it "un'wares."

77. *And let our hearts*, etc. "The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war;* all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves" (Johnson); or "let our hearts and eyes, like ourselves in civil war, be self-destructive" (Clarke).

82. *Our foeman's face.* The face of one of our foemen; needlessly changed in the Coll. MS. (adopted by H. but not by Coll.) to "a foeman's face."

86. *Blown with the windy tempest*, etc. Cf. i. 4. 146 above.

89. *Stratagems.* Dreadful deeds. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 148.

92, 93. *O boy . . . too late.* The old play reads:

"Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone,"

which Hanmer and Capell followed; but, as the Camb. editors remark, this "merely transfers the difficulty of explanation from one line to another." W. says: "The passage seems to be quite inexplicable. Warburton, who was the first to comment upon it, was of the opinion that, in the reading of the folio, 'gave thee life too soon' meant, 'because, had he been born later, he would not have been of years to engage in this quarrel,' and that 'bereft thee of thy life too late' meant, 'he should have done it by not bringing thee into being.' Henley, adopting the same view of the former phrase, explains the latter, 'had the father recognized him before the fatal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved [to save] him from death.' Malone and Steevens consider 'too late' to mean recently; and such may have been the sense in which it was used. There may be some readers to whom these explanations will be satisfactory: I am far from being sure that they would have been so to Shakespeare. And yet he may possibly have written the passage as it stands in the octavo, and have changed it to the reading of the folio. This I am the more inclined to believe since my discovery of the following line, in a speech of Andromache concerning Hector, in Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Troas*, 1581, with which Shakespeare was familiar: 'O sonne begot to late for Troy, but borne too soone for me.' It is at least not improbable that the line in *The True Tragedy* was a reminiscence of this one, and that, on the revision and rewriting of that play, the ineffectual change was made, hastily and without sufficient thought, in the hope of improving the passage." H. thinks that *too soon* may be = "too gladly, too willingly," and *too late* = "too recently." For the latter, he compares

Rich. III. iii. 1. 99: "Too late he died that might have kept that title." Cf. also *R. of L.*, 1801:

"I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

On the whole, Henley's explanation is the least unsatisfactory that has been proposed—which is the best that can be said for it.

95. *Ruthful.* Piteous. See *Rich. III.* p. 226, note on *This piece of ruthful butchery.*

100. *Presenteth.* Represents. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 156.

108. *Misthink.* Misjudge; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 176: "misthought For things that others do."

118. *Obsequious.* Lavish of *obsequies.* Cf. *Ham.* p. 180.

119. *E'en.* The folios have "Men" or "man;" corrected by Capell (who prints it "Even") and D. Rowe reads "Sad," and Delius "Son" (the conjecture of Mitford).

123. *Overgone.* Overcome.

126. *Chafed.* Infuriated. See *J. C.* p. 131.

130. *Fearful.* Frightened. Cf. ii. 2. 30 above.

SCENE VI.—8. *The common people*, etc. This line, omitted in the folios, was restored by Theo. from the old play. Line 17 below, which Capell omits, and which has no counterpart in the old play, is probably, as W. suggests, the result of the accidental transposition of the present line, and its subsequent alteration by the players or the printers to fit it to its new place.

12. *Phaethon.* See on i. 4. 33 above.

19. *Mourning widows for our death.* That is, widows mourning for our death. Gr. 419*a*. Cf. 56 below.

26. *For at their hands*, etc. Capell has "And at" (from the old play). Walker conjectures "Nor at."

28. *Effuse.* The only instance of the noun in S.

30. *Split my breast.* Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 177: "Let sorrow split my heart." See also *Rich. III.* i. 3. 300 and *A. and C.* v. 1. 24.

36. *Argosy.* A large merchant ship. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 127.

42. *Whose soul*, etc. The folios give this to "*Rich.*," together with what follows to *See who it is*, inclusive; assigning only the remnant of 44, 45 to "*Ed.*" As W. remarks, this must be corrupt, "as it makes Richard ask who it is that groans, and give directions to see who it is, and comply with his own command and answer his own question." The arrangement in the text is that of the old play, restored by Capell.

43. *Departing.* Parting, separation. See *K. John*, p. 150. Hanmer reads "life in death departing."

49. *But set his.* A "confusion of construction." See Gr. 415. Hanmer reads "Set his fell," and H. "Did set his."

56. *To our house.* These words modify *fatal.* See on 19 above.

67. *Which.* Changed by Pope to "As;" but see Gr. 278.

68. *Eager words.* "*Sour* words; words of asperity" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 49: "The bitter clamour of two eager tongues." For the literal use of the word (=sour), see *Ham.* p. 196.

75. *Fence.* Defend; as in iii. 3. 98 below.
82. *This hand should chop.* Capell reads "I 'd chop" (from the old play).
96. *Coronation.* Metrically five syllables. See on i. 2. 6 above. Cf. 108 and 110 below.
100. *In thy shoulder.* The 2d folio has "on" for *in;* but the latter is often found where we should expect the former. Cf. "in the neck" in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 92, etc. Gr. 160.
105. *Him pleaseth.* It pleases him. Gr. 297.
107. *Too ominous.* "Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster" (Steevens).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter two Keepers.* The folios have "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey.*" As *Sinklo* is the name of an actor, mentioned in the stage-directions of *T. of S.* (see our ed. p. 127, note on 86) and in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4, it is probable that *Humfrey* is the name of another actor—perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humphrey Jeaffes, who is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary.* See also on i. 2. 47 above.
2. *Laund.* Lawn, glade; as in *V. and A.* 813: "And homeward through the dark laund runs apace." Capell reads "lawn."
9. *For.* In order that. Gr. 151. Cf. iii. 2. 154 below.
11. *Self.* Same. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20.
17. *Balm.* Consecrated oil. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 55:

> "Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

24. *Sour adversity.* The folios have "the sower Adversaries;" and Pope reads "these sour adversities." The text is due to D.
40. *Tainted with remorse.* Touched with pity. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 183: "Never yet taint with love," etc. For *remorse* = pity, cf. v. 5. 64 below.
47. *That.* So that. Gr. 283.
49. *Inferreth.* See on ii. 2. 44 above.
55. *Thou, that talk'st.* The folios have "thou talk'st," and the old play "thou that talkes." The text is Rowe's.
60. *In mind.* Malone suggests that there may be an allusion to the old song, "My mind to me a kingdom is."
97. *And the king's.* Rowe reads "and in the king's," which is plausible.

SCENE II.—2. *John.* The folios and the old play have "Richard;" corrected by Pope from Hall. The metre favours the emendation.
3. *His lands then seiz'd,* etc. Malone remarks: "This is, in every particular, a falsification of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized by the conqueror (Queen Margaret), that

they were in fact seized by King Edward, after his victory at Towton (1461). The present scene is laid in 1464. Shakespeare followed the old play in this instance; but when he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter, in writing his *King Richard III.*, he stated it truly, as he found it in the chronicles. In act i. scene 2 of that play, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth (the Lady Grey of the present scene), says:

> 'In all which time you and your husband *Grey*
> Were factious *for the house of Lancaster;*
> (And, Rivers, so were you:)—was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?'"

14. *Keeps the wind.* That is, keeps the scent. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 122: "this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind." See also *Ham.* p. 230, note on *Recover the wind of me.*

19. *Resolve.* Satisfy, give me an answer. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

68. *If I aim.* If I guess, or conjecture. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 58: "thou aimest all awry," etc.

72. *Honesty.* Chastity; as often. Cf. *M. W.* p. 142.

77. *Sadness.* Seriousness. See *R. and J.* p. 144. Cf. the adjective in 110 below.

107. *Hath done his shrift.* Has heard the confession and granted absolution. Cf. *M. for M.* p. 163, note on *Present shrift.*

108. *For shift.* The 3d folio has "for a shift," which was the more common expression.

109. *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John*, p. 158.

112. *To whom*, etc. The 1st folio has "To who" (cf. Gr. 274), but the old play, like the later folios, *To whom.*

114. *A day longer*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 185: "I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came," etc.

123. *Honourably.* The 1st folio has "honourable," which is sometimes found as an adverb (cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 60, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 149, etc.); but here the reply shows that *honourably* is the word, as in the old play.

124. *Ay, Edward will use women honourably*, etc. V. remarks: "This soliloquy is strongly impressed with all the peculiar characteristics of our great poet, and especially with his power of developing character; giving us a bold and distinctly marked outline of the approaching *Richard III.* Yet this is but the enlargement of a similar and brief soliloquy of Gloster, in the old play—containing the same thoughts, less powerfully and vividly brought out. I think there are but few readers who will not agree with me, that the author of the original young Gloster must be also the author of the full-grown Richard III.; for, if the old *Contention* be not Shakespeare's, he owes to its author not only the groundwork of *Henry VI.*, but the whole character of Richard. To my mind, this soliloquy, as it stands in the old play, is alone conclusive of Shakespeare's authorship, and of his sole paternity of the character. The reader will judge for himself:

> 'Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,

To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
For I am not yet look'd on in the world!
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all they look for issue
Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry content to that which grieves me most;
I can add colours to the chamelion;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down.'"

139. *Lade.* Bail, as with a *ladle;* the only instance of the verb in S.

143. *Flattering me.* Flattering *myself.* Pope reads "Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible."

154. *For.* In order that. Cf. iii. 1. 9 above.

161. *An unlick'd bear-whelp.* Referring, as Johnson notes, to the old opinion that "the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166. *To o'erbear*, etc. Johnson observes: "Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of enmity in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

170. *Until my mis-shap'd trunk*, etc. The editors have not been willing to let this alone, though it is probably what S. wrote. Hanmer, for instance, reads "Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear," and Steevens conjectures "Until my head that this mis-shap'd trunk bears" (adopted by H.).

171. *Impaled.* Enclosed, encircled. Cf. *pale* in i. 4. 103 above.

175. *Rends.* The folios have "rents," which is an old form of the word and might be retained here. Cf. *Macb.* p. 243.

185. *Occasions.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above.

186. *Mermaid.* Siren; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 128.

187. *Basilisk.* The fabled monster that was supposed to kill by a glance. See *Hen. V.* p. 183, note on *The fatal balls.*

190. *Sinon.* The artful Greek who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into their city. See *Cymb.* p. 194. W. misprints "Simon."

192. *Proteus.* The marine god who had the power of changing his shape at pleasure. The meaning is, "advantageously compete with Proteus in changing shapes" (Clarke).

193. *Machiavel.* An anachronism, of course, but none the less substituted deliberately by S. for "the aspiring Catiline" of the old play. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 104 and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 74. The allusion was a familiar one in the poet's day.

SCENE III.—11. *Seat.* Walker conjectures "state," but the change is hardly called for.

25. *Of a king.* From being a king; or, as Abbott gives it (Gr. 171), "instead of" a king.

26. *Forlorn.* Not elsewhere used substantively by S.

42. *Waiteth on true sorrow.* Hanmer reads "waiting rues to-morrow."

44. *What 's he.* Who is he that. Cf. iv. 3. 28 below. Gr. 254.

45. *Our.* The Coll. MS. has "The."

46. *Welcome, brave Warwick,* etc. Ritson remarks: "This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he received by the king's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the king (Edward), Shakespeare found in Hall and Holinshed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole, and to refer the rupture between the king and his political creator to unknown causes, or to that jealousy and ingratitude too natural to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on, than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463; and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child."

78. *Injurious.* Insolent. Cf. *Cor.* p. 247.

90. *Henry.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 41 above.

93. *Silly.* Poor, petty.

94. *To make prescription for.* To establish a prescriptive right or claim to.

96. *Thirty and six years.* The old play has "thirtie and eight," which, as Malone remarks, is the correct number.

97. *Bewray.* Betray. Cf. i. 1. 211 above.

98. *Fence.* Defend; as in ii. 6. 75 above.

99. *Buckler.* Shield, defend; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 216 and *T. of S.* iii. 2. 241.

103. *Done to death.* See on i. 4. 108 above, and cf. ii. 1. 103.

124. *Eternal.* Perennial. The folios have "externall" or "external;" corrected by Warb. from the old play.

127. *Envy.* Perhaps =hatred, malice; as often. Steevens says: "His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him

from female disdain." Clarke thinks the meaning to be that "the strength of Edward's love secures it from exciting the French princess's hatred, though not, perhaps, from incurring her disdain." Johnson suggests that it may mean "that his love is superior to envy, and can feel no blast from the lady's disdain." No one of these explanations is quite satisfactory.

154. *You have a father able*, etc. "This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach" (Johnson).

156. *Warwick.* The reading of the 1st folio; the 2d (followed by some editors) has "Warwick, peace."

157. *Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.* See on ii. 3. 37 above.

160. *Conveyance.* Artifice, fraud. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 2: "Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance."

171. *News.* Used by S. both as singular and plural. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 198.

175. *Soothe.* "Act in conformity with" (Schmidt). According to Baret, the word meant "to countenance a falsehood, or forged tale; to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh." Rann reads "smooth" (the conjecture of Heath).

187. *His death.* He was in fact taken at the battle of Wakefield by the Lancastrians, and subsequently beheaded by them at Pomfret.

188. *The abuse done to my niece.* Holinshed (quoted by Steevens and others) says: "Other affirm other causes [of Warwick's defection] and one speciallie, for that King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honestie (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his neece, the certainty was not for both their honours openlie revealed) for surelie such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

189. *Impale.* See on iii. 2. 171 above.

191. *Guerdon'd.* Rewarded; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 49.

204. *Soldiers.* A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

222. *In post.* In haste. Cf. i. 2. 48 above.

226. *Fear.* Affright. Cf. v. 2. 2 below.

228. *The willow garland.* On the willow as the emblem of unhappy love, see *Much Ado*, p. 131. Cf. iv. 1. 100 below.

230. *Put armour on.* It was no unusual thing for queens to appear in armour at the head of their armies. A suit worn by Elizabeth is still to be seen in the Tower of London.

242. *Mine eldest daughter.* It was Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married. Theo. reads "my younger daughter."

260. *Stale.* Laughing-stock, butt. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 134.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—8. *I mind.* I have a mind, or mean. Cf. 64, 106, and 140 below.

Enter King Edward, etc. "Coll. remarks the particularity of the

stage-directions in this play, as printed in the folio (1623). Here we have the addition of words to show how the principal characters were to be ranged on the stage: "Four stand on one side, and four on the other." The attendants were probably to retire to the back of the scene, and were supposed to be out of hearing: there were nine principal persons present, viz., the King, the Queen, Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. The King was therefore to stand in the middle, with 'four on one side and four on the other'" (V.).

12. *Weak of courage.* Wanting in courage or spirit. See on ii. 2. 57 above.

17. *And shall.* Rowe reads "And you shall." Walker conjectures "Ay, and shall," or "Marry, and shall."

41. *But the safer.* The 2d folio has "Yes, but." "But then," "Ay, but," and "But yet" have also been conjectured. It is easy enough to tinker the defective measure of the play, if one chooses to do it.

56. *You would not have bestow'd the heir,* etc. Till the Restoration the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites" (Johnson).

70. *Not ignoble.* Her father was Sir Richard Widville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; and her mother Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, daughter to Peter of Luxemburg, Earl of St. Paul (Malone).

73. *Dislikes.* Some change this to "dislike," and others *Doth* in the next line to "Do;" but see *R. and J.* p. 140 (note on *Doth*), or Gr. 334.

92. *Depart.* See on ii. 1. 110 above.

103. *In place.* Present. See *M. for M.* p. 172. Cf. iv. 6. 31 below.

104. *My mourning-weeds are done.* My mourning garments are done with, or laid aside. Cf. iii. 3. 229 above.

118. *The elder.* Theo. transposes *elder* and *younger.* See on iii. 3. 242 above.

126. *The love.* Pope omits *the.*

140. *Mind.* See on 8 above.

142. *Suspect.* For the noun (used by S. some dozen times), see *Rich. III.* p. 188.

SCENE II.—2. *By numbers swarm.* Pope reads "swarm by numbers."

3. *Comes.* Rowe reads "come." See Gr. 336.

4. *Suddenly.* Quickly.

12. *Sweet Clarence.* Pope reads "sweet friend," and Capell omits *sweet.*

13. *Coverture.* Covert, shelter. Cf. *Much Ado,* iii. 1. 30: "in the woodbine coverture."

15. *Towns.* The folios have "towne" or "town;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Thirlby).

20. *Sleight and manhood.* Craft and bravery.

21. *The Thracian fatal steeds.* The oracle had declared that Troy could not be taken if the horses of Rhesus once drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains. The Greeks therefore sent Diomede

and Ulysses to intercept the Thracian prince when he came to bring help to Priam; and they killed him on the night of his arrival, and carried off the horses.

SCENE III.—2. *Is set him down.* Has set himself down.

14. *Keeps.* Hanmer reads "Keeps here."

15. *More dangerous.* Hanmer omits *more.*

19. *Doubted.* Suspected, feared. See *K. John*, p. 163, or *Ham.* p. 187.

22. *Enter Warwick*, etc. Coll. notices the alteration of the old play in the conduct of this scene, as showing the extreme simplicity of the stage just before Shakespeare's time: "In the older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his tent, on another part of the stage. Having resolved upon the enterprise, they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, and by interposing a dialogue between the watchmen who guard the king's tent."

28. *What are they*, etc. Who are they, etc. See on iii. 3. 44 above.

32. *Embassade.* Used by S. only here. Capell reads "embassage" (from the old play).

34. *Now to create.* H. reads "to new-create" (the conjecture of Johnson).

38. *Brotherly.* For the adverbial use, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 162 and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158.

44. *Complices.* Not to be printed as an abbreviation of *accomplices.* Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 186.

48. *For his mind.* As regards his mind, in his own mind.

55. *Tell what answer.* Pope reads "tell you what reply," Capell "tell his grace what answer," D. "tell him there what answer;" and so on. The line could be eked out in a dozen other ways, if one had the itch of "emendation." W. very sensibly remarks: "This verse is imperfect, and a word of one or two syllables has probably been lost. They are not necessary to the sense, however, and there is no justification or ground for the attempts which have been made to restore them."

SCENE IV.—1. *You in.* The Coll. MS. has "in you"—a needless and impertinent change, like hundreds of others in that volume.

11. *New.* Changed by Rowe to "now."

16. *Life's.* The folios have "lives;" corrected by Rowe.

19. *Passion.* A trisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above. Rowe, not understanding this, reads "in my passion."

22. *Blood-sucking sighs.* Alluding to the old notion that each sigh cost the heart a drop of blood. See *M. N. D.* p. 163, note on *That costs the fresh blood dear.*

25. *Is . . . become.* See on ii. 1. 10 above.

26. *Informed.* The folios have "inform'd;" corrected by Theo.

31. *The sanctuary.* The sanctuary at Westminster, for which see *Rich. III.* p. 205.

THE SANCTUARY AT WESTMINSTER.

SCENE V.—*Middleham Castle.* This castle was at Middleham, in Yorkshire, and its remains are still to be seen on a rocky eminence near the town. Tradition says that it was destroyed by Cromwell, but there is no historical record to that effect. Edward gave the castle to his eldest brother, the Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III. Here Richard Plantagenet was born, and here, according to Stow, the Bastard of Faulconbridge (cf. i. 1. 239 above) was beheaded.

9. *Advertis'd.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 116 above.

19. *Ready.* Hanmer adds "here," and Capell reads "park-corner for you."

21. *Ship.* The 1st folio has "shipt," which W. thinks might be retained, "the full reply being, 'We shall go to Lynn, and shall be shipped from thence to Flanders.'"

22. *Well guess'd,* etc. H. give this line to the King (the conjecture of Lettsom).

SCENE VI.—5. *Thy due fees.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 52:

> "Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
> Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
> When you depart, and save your thanks."

Lord Campbell remarks that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation—a procedure that "could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge."

6. *Challenge.* Claim; as in iv. 7. 23 below.

11. *My imprisonment.* Pope drops *my*, and H. reads "prisonment;" but there are countless similar examples of the light extra syllable in the line.

29. *Temper with the stars.* Yield to destiny, act in conformity with their fortune.

31. *In place.* Present. See on iv. 1. 103 above.

55. *Be confiscate.* The first folio omits *be*, which Malone supplied. The 2d folio has "confiscated," which S. never uses. The accent is generally on the first syllable, but sometimes on the second, as in *Cymb.* v. 5. 323: "And let it be confiscate all, so soon," etc.

67. *Young Henry.* This boy, then in his tenth year, was son to Edmond Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. He was half-brother to Henry VI., being the son of the king's mother, Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., by her second husband, Owen Tudor. He afterwards became HEnry VII.

81. *Convey'd.* Carried off, kidnapped. Cf. the cant use of *convey*=steal, for which see *Rich. II.* p. 206. See also on *conveyance*, iii. 3. 160 above.

82. *Attended him.* That is, were waiting for him. See *Cor.* p. 217, or *Oth.* p. 188.

SCENE VII.—8. *Ravenspurg.* Then a flourishing port at the mouth of the Humber. See *Rich. II.* p. 178.

13. *Abodements.* "Bodements" (*T. and C.* v. 3. 80 and *Macb.* iv. 1. 96), or bad omens; used by S. only here. Cf. *aboding* in v. 6. 45 below.

23. *Challenge.* Claim; as in iv. 6. 6 above.

30. *Captain.* The Coll. MS. (followed by Coll. and H.) adds "he;" but *captain* may be a trisyllable (=*capitain*), as Delius conjectures. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 34; and see also Gr. 477. Spenser (*F. Q.* ii. 11. 14) has "And evermore their wicked Capitayn;" and, again (*Id.* vi. 11. 3), "That he which was their Capitaine profest."

32. *Long of.* Along of; but not to be printed "'long of," as it often is. See Wb. or Schmidt. "The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed" (Johnson).

57. *Shall.* Capell reads "should," from the old play.

61. *Scrupulous wit.* "Policy that too scrupulously weighs chances" (Clarke).

64. *Bruit.* Report, rumour, as in *T. and C.* v. 9. 4, etc. Cf. *Jer.* x. 22.

80. *Horizon.* Apparently accented on the first syllable; the only instance of the word in S.

82. *Wot.* Know. See on ii. 2. 134 above.

83. *How evil it beseems.* How ill it becomes. For the adverbial *evil*, cf. *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 207: "evil us'd." Pope omits *how*.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter . . . Exeter.* The folios give "*Somerset*," who had gone with Richmond to Brittany. The correction is due to Capell.

2. *Hasty.* Rash, or passionate; as *blunt*=rough, reckless. H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "lusty." For *blunt*, cf. v. 1. 86 below. See also *V. and A.* 884: "the blunt boar, rough bear," etc.

3. *The narrow seas.* The English Channel. See on i. 1. 239 above.

6. *Let 's levy men*, etc. "Dr. Johnson remarked that this line expresses a warlike spirit unsuitable to the character of Henry; and Malone, for this reason, and because in the old version the second speech is given to Oxford, assigned this line to him—an arrangement very generally followed to this day. But this line does not appear in any form in the old version, where Oxford's speech is,—

> "T is best to look to this betimes
> For if this fire do kindle any further
> It will be hard for us to quench it out.'

It will be seen that in the revised version the second and third lines are made the basis of the two-line speech assigned to Clarence, while for the first the line is substituted which is assigned to King Henry. And although it is so bellicose, and not improbably should be assigned to Oxford or some other lord, or made a part of Clarence's speech, under these circumstances the change would not be justifiable" (W.). We are inclined to agree with Coll., who says: "It is not inconsistent with the other speeches of the King in this scene, who seems by the intelligence to have been roused, at least in the commencement, to an unusual degree of energy."

8. *Suffer'd.* Allowed to burn. Cf. *V. and A.* 388:

> "Affection is a coal that must be cool'd:
> Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire."

25. *Troy's true hope.* Cf. ii. 1. 51 above.

37. *Doubt.* Fear. Cf. the verb in iv. 3. 19 above.

38. *Meed.* Merit; as in ii. 1. 36 above.

40. *Posted off.* Put off hastily or carelessly. Cf. "posted over" in 2 *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 255, and "o'erposting" in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 171.

43. *Water-flowing.* Flowing like water, copious; changed in the Coll. MS. (and by H.) to "bitter-flowing." Rann changes *tears* to "eyes" (Capell's conjecture).

51. *Shout within, 'A Lancaster, a Lancaster.'* H. and others adopt the conjecture of Johnson, "A York! a York!" but, as W. remarks, "it was part of Edward's plan that his soldiers should shout 'Long live King Henry!'"

52. *Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry*, etc. V. remarks: "This line is from the old play, and the epithet of 'shame-fac'd,' so portrait-like of the timid and fearful king, so characteristic of the speaker, so like Shakespeare's own manner of portraiture, is enough to counterbalance a hun-

dred small criticisms, and to stamp these scenes as from his hands,—even if other matters remind us that it was but 'the 'prentice's hand.'"

59. *Now remains.* As Mason remarks, Warwick has but just left the stage to go to Coventry (cf. 32 above), and Edward could hardly be supposed to know of his intention. Cf. the "time-analysis" of the play, p. 169 below.

60. *The sun shines hot*, etc. That is, we must "make hay while the sun shines." H. transfers lines 60 and 61 to the end of the next speech (Lettsom's conjecture).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—6. *Daintry.* Daventry. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 191, note on *Daventry.*

16. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter; as in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 6: "Thou trumpet, there's my purse," etc. *Parle*=parley (see *Hen. V.* p. 164).

18. *Unbid.* Unwelcome; accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun. Cf. *unborn* in *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 10, *unbound* in *R. and J.* i. 3. 87, etc.

20. *His repair.* His *repairing* or coming hither. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 228: "then repair hither," etc.

33. *Do thee service.* Become thy servitor.

36. *Atlas.* The only allusion in S. to the world-sustaining giant.

44. *Deck.* Pack of cards. W. remarks that "the word was in use even in the last century." It is not unknown now among card-players in this country.

45. *The bishop's palace.* "The palace of the Bishop of London" (Malone).

48. *Take the time.* Improve the opportunity.

49. *Nay, when?* For *when?* as an exclamation of impatience, see *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *What, Jessica?*), or *Temp.* p. 119 (on *Come, thou tortoise! when?*). Gr. 73*a*.

52. *To strike.* As to strike it. See on i. 4. 55 above.

68. *Buy.* That is, pay for. W. reads "'by," as the old play has "abie." Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 165 (on *Aby*), and p. 171 (on *Buy*).

73. *Two of thy name.* Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463 (Ritson).

81. *Taking the red rose out of his hat.* The stage-direction is not in the folios, but was supplied by Capell from the old play.

83. *Ruinate.* Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings;" *Sonn.* 10. 7: "Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate," etc.

84. *Lime.* "Cement" (Johnson); the only instance of this meaning in S.

85. *Trow'st thou.* Thinkest thou; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 38, etc.

86. *Blunt.* See on iv. 8. 2 above. Coll. conjectures "blind."

106. *Passing.* Surpassing, egregious; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 17: "a passing shame," etc.

SCENE II.—2. *A bug that fear'd.* A bugbear that frightened. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs," etc. For *fear*, see also on iii. 3. 226 above.

13. *Ramping.* Rampant. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 153: "a ramping cat," etc.

14. *Overpeer'd.* Looked down upon. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 11: "In yonder tower to overpeer the city," etc.

26. *But my body's length.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 152:

> "And nothing can we call our own but death,
> And that small model of the barren earth
> Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

44. *Clamour.* The folios misprint "cannon;" corrected by Warb. from the old play.

45. *Might.* The folios have "mought," which the Camb. editors retain. The form is still in vulgar use.

SCENE III.—5. *Sun.* Alluding to the heraldic cognizance of the king. See *Rich. III.* p. 180.

8. *Arriv'd.* For the transitive use, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 110: "But ere we could arrive the point propos'd," etc. Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409:

> "ere he arrive
> The happy isle."

14. *Valued.* Reckoned, estimated.

18. *Advertis'd.* For the accent, see on ii. 1. 116 above.

21. *Rids way.* Gets rid of distance, or does away with it.

SCENE IV.—*Enter Queen Margaret*, etc. This scene is greatly amplified from that in the old play, which stands thus:

> "*Queen.* Welcome to England, my loving friends of France.
> And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
> Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
> And though our tackling be almost consum'd,
> And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
> Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
> That bears the sails to bring us unto rest,
> And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
> For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
> To bear us through that dangerous gulf
> That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.
> *Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there should)
> Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
> Let him depart before the battles join,
> Lest he in time of need entice another,
> And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
> I will not stand aloof and bid you fight,
> But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
> And single Edward from his strongest guard,
> And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
> Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.
> *Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolve,
> And warriors faint! why 't were perpetual shame.
> Oh, brave young prince, thy noble grandfather
> Doth live again in thee; long mayst thou live
> To bear his image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at if he arise."

2. *Cheerly.* Cheerfully. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 162, note on *Thou lookest cheerly.*

9. *To that which hath too much.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 48:

"giving the sum of more
To that which hath too much."

18. *Tacklings.* A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Pope adds "still."

27. *Ragged.* The folios have "raged;" corrected by Rowe.

34. *If case.* If it be the case. The 4th folio has "in case," which H. and some others adopt.

71. *Wot.* Know. See on ii. 2. 134 above.

75. *My eyes.* The folios have "my eye," and the old play "mine eyes."

82. *Fight.* Pope chooses to read "battle."

SCENE V.—1. *Now, here.* Capell reads "Lo, here" (from the old play).

2. *Hames.* The spelling of the folios and the old play. Rowe reads "Hammes," Hanmer "Holmes," and Delius "Ham's." The castle meant is that of Ham in Picardy, the same in which Louis Napoleon was confined for six years. The present fortress was built in 1470 on the site of an earlier one erected previous to 1226.

16. *Turn'd me to.* Put me to. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to."

24. *Breech.* Breeches; the only instance of the singular in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 149:

"Though in this place most master wear no breeches."

25. *Æsop.* A hit at Richard's deformity. The old fabulist is said to have been hunch-backed.

V. remarks here: "There is little alteration in this scene from the old play, where the high spirit of the young Prince, and the brief but strongly marked notices of the other characters, are given with a truly Shakespearian effect. It is, too, well worthy of remark, that the fine and animated dramatic effect and personal interest obtained by young Edward's there exhibiting the courage and spirit of his mother, without her vices, instead of his appearing to inherit the meek virtues of his father, is quite original in this play; there being no part of his character, in this respect, in the old historians."

26. *Sort.* Suit, agree. See on ii. 1. 209 above.

31. *Charm your tongue.* Stop your tongue, as by a charm or spell. See *Oth.* p. 207.

50. *The Tower! the Tower!* The folios omit the first *The;* supplied by Capell.

56. *In respect.* In comparison with him. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 10: "Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but a cobbler."

63. *You have no children,* etc. V. remarks: "This is from the old

play, which has 'You have no children, *devils!*' Judge Blackstone notes that the poet repeats the same thought in Macduff's lament for his murdered children. This is done with the same sort of variation which Shakespeare is wont to use in repeating a favourite thought, and indicates at least, if it does not absolutely prove, that he was using his own original materials. The speech stands thus in the old play:

> '*Queen.* Ah, Ned, speak to thy mother, boy:
> Ah, thou canst not speak.
> Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
> They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
> For he was a man; this, in respect a child;
> And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
> What 's worse than tyrant that I may not name?
> You have no children, devils, if you had
> The thought of them would then have stopp'd your rage:
> But if you ever hope to have a son,
> Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
> As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince.'"

64. *Remorse.* Pity. See on iii. 1. 40 above.

67. *Have rid.* Have made way with, have destroyed. Cf. *Temp.* p. 119. See also v. 3. 21 above.

75. *Thou usest.* You are accustomed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

77, 78. The 1st folio reads:

> "Where is that diuels butcher *Richard?*
> Hard fauor'd *Richard? Richard,* where art thou?"

which is followed substantially by the other folios. The first *Richard* is clearly accidental, as the old play shows.

Theo. (followed by H.) thinks it necessary to read "devil-butcher," as *devil's butcher* "is *kill-devil;*" and he adds, "rare news for the free thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it!" Johnson remarks that *devil's butcher* (which is the reading of the old play also) "is a butcher set on by the devil," which would be superfluous information if the expression had not been criticised.

Hard-favour'd=hard-featured, ugly. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 207.

84. *All in post.* All in haste. Cf. iii. 3. 222 above.

86. *Sudden.* Hasty, rash.

SCENE VI.—10. *Roscius.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 410: "When Roscius was an actor in Rome—" Hanmer reads "Richard," which Warb. had suggested on the ground that Roscius was a comedian; but Steevens cites many contemporaneous references to him as a tragedian. Malone adds the evidence of Quintilian, who says of him, "hic tragoedias egit."

13. *Lim'd.* Ensnared with bird-lime. Cf. *Much Ado,* p. 142.

14. *Misdoubteth.* Suspects, distrusts. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 192: "I do not misdoubt my wife," etc.

15. *Male to one sweet bird.* That is, father of one sweet child.

16. *Object.* That is, the *bush,* to which he compares Richard. This explains also the following *Where.*

18. *Peevish.* Childish, silly. See *Hen. V.* p. 171. In the old play the passage reads thus:

"Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde."

D. and H. read "fowl" for *fool* in 20.

26. *Not with words.* Cf. ii. 1. 99 above.

34. *Presumption.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 6 above.

38. *No parcel of my fear.* "No part of what my fears presage" (Johnson).

39, 40. *And many . . . eye.* H. omits these two lines, believing that "the first writing and the correction intended as a substitute for it both got jumbled in together."

41. *Fate.* This word and the following *And* are not in the 1st folio, but are supplied by the 2d. W. remarks: "The lines here are irregular in the old version, and appear to have been carefully rewritten on the revision; and the construction of the two preceding lines, to which these two parenthetical lines are plainly intended to conform, warrants the emendation."

45. *Aboding.* Boding; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 93. Cf. *abodements* in iv. 7. 13 above.

47. *Rook'd her.* Squatted herself. Coll. quotes *The Fardle of Fashions*, 1555: "After a mooste comely sorte she rucketh downe upon the grounde, not muche unlike the sitting of our gentlewomen oftentimes here in England."

48. *Discord.* The folio has "discords," but W. is clearly right in restoring the "discord" of the old play.

51. *Indigested.* Shapeless; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 157. Cf. *indigest* in *Sonn.* 114. 5. The folio has "To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe;" and the old play "To wit: an vndigest created lumpe." The "To wit," as D. remarks, seems to have been accidentally retained in rewriting the line.

79. After this line Theo. inserted from the old play: "I had no father, I am like no father."

80. *Brother.* The word is used in a figurative sense, of course; and, as Clarke remarks, "there is also a fine bold play upon the word, as marking that the speaker owns no tie of brotherhood or affectionate fraternity with either Edward or Clarence, who are merely born his brothers."

85. *Sort.* Sort out, find out. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 203.

86. *Buzz.* Whisper. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 171.

SCENE VII. — 1. *In.* Changed by Rowe to "on;" but in iv. 3. 64 above he leaves the old text: "seated in the regal throne." Cf. also i. 1. 22, 84, and 125.

6. *For.* As being. Gr. 148. *Undoubted* = fearless; as Schmidt and W. explain it. Capell conjectures "redoubted."

18. *Went.* It is remarkable that some meddlesome editor has not "corrected" this to "Gone."

25. *Work thou the way,—and that shall execute.* As Johnson and Ma-

lone have noted, *thou* must refer to his head, which he touches; and *that* to his *hand*, which he indicates by some appropriate gesture. *That* may, however, refer to *shoulder*, as W. makes it. The 1st and 2d folios have "that shalt," and the old play (followed by Capell and others) "thou shalt."

30. *Thanks, noble Clarence*, etc. "The folio assigns this line to Clarence, with a new prefix, '*Cla.*,' which is evidently a misprint of '*Qu.*;' for the line is assigned to her in the old version, and most appropriately, when Clarence kisses her son in token of reconciliation. Theobald restored it to her. In King Charles I.'s copy, however, his majesty, in the plenary exercise of his royal prerogative, and in ignorance of the old version, changed *Cla.* to *King*, which Steevens discovering, that distribution was loyally adopted, and has hitherto been preserved, although in defiance of authority, and in opposition to the finer significance of the speech" (W.).

34. *Whenas.* See on i. 2. 74 above.

39. *Sicils.* See on i. 4. 122 above.

40. *Sent it.* That is, the money thus raised.

41. *Waft.* Cf. iii. 3. 253 above.

42. *Rests.* Remains; as in i. 2. 44 and iv. 2. 13 above.

43. *Triumphs.* Pageants. See *T. G. of V.* p. 153, note on *With triumphs*, etc.

44. *Befits.* Changed by Pope to "befit."

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1877–79, p. 323) as follows:

"Time of this play, 20 days represented on the stage; with intervals: suggesting a period in all of say 12 months.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i.

Interval: March of the Queen from London to join with her allies, etc.

" 2. Act I. sc. ii.–iv.

Interval: rather more than ten days.*

" 3. Act II. sc. i.

Interval: The march to York.

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* "At the beginning of the next scene 'Enter Edward, Richard, and their power,' newly escaped, apparently from the battle of Wakefield. They are yet ignorant of their father's fate when a messenger arrives to tell them of his death. 'Enter one blowing,' is the stage-direction of the folio when this messenger makes his appearance, and we must imagine that he also has but just fled from the battle; yet a few minutes afterwards, when Warwick and Montague join them, we learn that to Warwick the news of York's death is *ten days old;* and that since then, with King Henry in his custody, he has encountered the Queen at St. Alban's and been defeated — the King escaping to the Queen—and Warwick, with George of York and the Duke of Norfolk, are come in post-haste to the marches, having heard that Edward was 'making another head to fight again.'"

Day 4. Act II. sc. ii.–vi.
Interval: during which we are to suppose the flight of Henry and Margaret to Scotland; the departure thence of the latter to France; the coronation of King Edward, and the departure of Warwick on his embassy to France.
" 5. Act III. sc. i.
Interval: the journey of the captive King Henry to London.
" 6. Act III. sc. ii.
Interval: marriage of King Edward, and journey of the messenger to the French Court.
" 7. Act III. sc. iii.
Interval: return of Edward's messenger from France.
" 8. Act IV. sc. i.
Interval: a few 'dramatic' days, perhaps.
" 9. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval: time for news of these events to reach London.
" 10. Act IV. sc. iv.
Interval: some weeks probably.
" 11. Act IV. sc. v.
Interval: time for news of Edward's escape to reach London.
" 12. Act IV. sc. vi.
Interval: return of Edward from Flanders.
" 13. Act IV. sc. vii.
Interval.
" 14. Act IV. sc. viii. [to line 32].
Interval.
" 15. Act IV. sc. viii. [line 32 to end].*
Interval: march of Edward from London to Coventry.
" 16. Act V. sc. i.
Interval: march from Coventry to Barnet.
" 17. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval: march from Barnet to Tewksbury.
" 18. Act V. sc. iv. and v.
Interval: Gloster's journey from Tewksbury to London.
" 19. Act V. sc. vi. †
" 20. Act V. sc. vii.

"The historic period here dramatized commences on the day of the battle of St. Alban's, 23d May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22d May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475."

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* "The probability of the plot absolutely requires a separate scene here; otherwise we have Henry talking of his forces which are not yet levied as in existence, and Edward speaking of Warwick, who has only just left the stage, as now remaining at Coventry."

† "Notwithstanding Gloster's intention to make a bloody supper in the Tower on the night of Tewksbury, I incline to give a separate day to this scene. The dramatist, perhaps, would not have been prevented by the odd 130 miles between the two places from including this and the preceding scene in one day, but he has suggested a certain lapse of time by making Henry acquainted, evidently before the appearance of Gloster, with the fatal result of Tewksbury fight, and the murder of his young son which followed it. I mark, therefore, a separate day for this scene, and an interval between it and the last."

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